

THE
FORTUNE-HUNTER:
OR, THE
GAMESTER Reclaim'd.
A
P L A Y.



With an ENTERTAINMENT of the
M I L L E N I U M.

Representing
PARADISE LOST: Or, The FALL OF MAN.

Printed for the AUTHOR.
And sold by the Bookfellers in *London, Westminster,*
Bath and Bristol.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Captain PHENIX, in the first Scene suppos'd to be in his own Country very mean in Apparel, with long strait Hair; in the Second, well drest, and very airy.

MAR, his Friend.

ROVER, a Gamester and Rake.

TWO MISERS, very thin in Body, not feeble.

LAPPY, a Gentleman bred, but reduc'd

GUTHALL and CLEAR-BOTTOM, full as big as Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, in Caps like Yeomen.

Sir HUMPHRY HAREBRAIN, a Hotheaded Gamester.

Three SHARPERs, booted in Riding-Dresses.

Old THRIFTY.

W O M E N.

The WIDOW, preposterously long in the Waist.

Ladies RINUS and HEADHORN, very gay.

SHERLEY, about 15; a little awkward.

LUCY, not much unlike her.

With ATTENDANCE.



P R E F A C E,

Design'd to answer the End of *Prologue* and *Epilogue*.

THE proceeding ENTERTAINMENT, which is call'd The MILLENIUM, takes its Name from this Preface. The Scheme occasion'd by the most celebrated Dr. Colly, now Chanter of *Christ-Church, Oxford*. This Gentleman's Taste, is to enquire into antient Records, and all Matter of Weight; and by his great Ingenuity he has acquir'd several other spiritual Preferments. In May and June last, 1735. the Doctor was at BATH. He having taken a great deal of Pains to inform People of all Distinctions, that there would be a great Change in Thirty-Six: His Reasons for his Assertions had put several People in a Flutter, which rais'd my Curiosity, that Myself apply'd to him, desiring to know upon what Heads he grounded his Enthusiastick Notions, letting him know 'twas an unfair Proceeding to put People into a Consternation. The Doctor very gravely reply'd, that I was welcome to call them Enthusiastick Notions, or what I pleas'd; but withal, that it would certainly be so, and proceeded to his Reasons. He assur'd me, that the Time of Dissolution to the Wicked had been regularly calculated by the most ingenuous People of the past and present Age, and that 36 was the End of each seperate Calculation; that one and all came exactly to that Year. 1. The Works of an inimitable Author above a Hundred Years ago. 2. The Names and Works of several other great Men, which I have forgot. 3. That immortal Divine Dr. Mead of *Cambridge*. I ask'd by what Method they did presume to calculate on so weighty an Affair, when the Scriptures say, the very Angels in Heaven should not know the Hour, nor Man the Day. That, says he, is very true; neither did they presume to know the Day nor the Month, and that their Calculations run thus, as near as I can remember: From *Adam* to the Deluge, from the Deluge to the Coming of our Redeemer, from the Redemption of Man to Antichrist, 750 Years; since Antichrist 1250 Years: But upon the whole, from the Coming of that blessed Being to his Ascension, the Mistakes of the New and Old Style, with other Variations, rectified, bring the whole Term from *Adam* in 1736 exact to 6000 Years. Sir, I reply'd, admitting these Calculations to be just, and that Thirty-Six were to be the 6000 Year, no Man could be certain of so great a Matter; that he granted, and came to Probability, with the Signs and Tokens of the Scriptures, and Observations on all Things. 1. On Providence; and that the great Changes had happen'd exact at the End of 2000. 2. Of the divine Goodness in *Noah's* being appriz'd above 100 Years before the Deluge. 3. The Coming of our blessed Saviour; and did not seem to question that eter-

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nal Love might be as propitious to us. 4. His Observations on false Profits that have fix'd it to several Times back, with other Prophecies, which prov'd all ineffectual. 5. That the Winters were turn'd into Summers, and that those mild Times had occasion'd the Earth to exhaust her Bowels, having no Frosts to check the Course of Nature for ensuing Years, hoping it might not occasion Scarcity. 6. That the Scriptures spoke of Wars and Rumours of Wars, with destroying Cities; and that as Nations were so deeply engaged in Troubles, they would neglect their Cultivations, fearing it might fall heavy on us. 7. Of the great Distress of the Poor in the Midst of Plenty; and that all Manufacture and Trade were at a Stand; and that great Store of Grain was sent to the contending Armies, fearing the ill Consequence should there not be Care taken. 8. That all Signs are past, and passing away. These, and running on with many other Reasons to his Belief, I asked, why he came to BATH for the Benefit of his Health, since the End was so near at Hand, and why he did not preach or publish his Thoughts, and the Calculations which he so much rely'd on, for the Benefit of all Mankind. Reply'd he, As to my coming to BATH, 'twas with a Design of living free from Pain, and very desirous to prolong Life till the Time, hoping to receive the Benefit of the First Resurrection, which was generally call'd the MILLENIUM. As to his Preaching or Writing upon a Subject of that Weight, he should find nothing but Abuse, Man was so very apt to turn serious Matter into Farce; and was I to Preach upon it, might frighten those few from Church that did go; therefore 'twas best let alone; but were there a Capacity good enough to bring it to the Stage, that numerous Part that will not attend Congregation, you may be sure to catch them at Audience, which wou'd answer the End much better, and give them a greater Terror. Dr. said I, what do you mean by the First Resurrection? He reply'd, if I would look into the 20th Chapter of *Revelations*, that great Work would inform me, which was certainly wrote in the Language of Heaven from the Dictates of an Angel. That Chapter was reserv'd as the greatest Blessing intelligible to every Capacity: That informs us that our Saviour from the First Change shall come down on the Earth and stay with the Elect a Thousand Year; then Sin shall cease, and the Devil be chain'd; after the Expiration of the MILLENIUM the Dead shall be rais'd to Judgment, and Satan let loose for a Season to gather up the Wicked from all Quarters, and cast them into the Bottomless Pit; but blessed were they that had a Share in the First Resurrection, on them the Second shall have no Power; and that in *St. Matthew, Mark, and John*, I might have farther Intelligence.

The Dr. seeming so steady in his Belief, put me into a little Clutter; I took my Leave, and related this Story to a very learned

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Diffenter, a grave Citizen, and a great Merchant. He told me that most of their Church did believe from Calculations; that there was to be a Change in Thirty-Six, intimating, that the Jews were expected to be conformable to the Christian Religion, and the Pope to lose his Power in that Year, which would be a Token of its being pretty near; but happy were it for all that believed it to be a total Dissolution; for when Man found but the Sweets of a Religious Life, they never would return to the Sowres and Bitters of an irregular one should it not so happen. I was pleas'd with that beautiful Reply, and took my Leave.

From him I went to a young Gentleman that was lately come from *Oxford*; after relating my Business, begg'd to know what sort of a Man *Dr. Colly* was; he assur'd me, a very ingenuous good Man, with the best of Characters, not any way given to over-Study, Hip, or Vapours, and had talk'd in this Manner to the greatest Men of the University for some Time, some acquiescing with the Probability of his Accounts, others making Slight of it: And further, he assur'd me, a very ingenuous Gentleman from Calculations died with that Faith not three Years ago; and further he assur'd me, that the immortal and miraculous Works of *Dr. Ward*, strengthen'd the Belief of several People to his Knowledge; as if Providence should appoint him only to cleanse the corrupt and foul Bodies of all Disorders, besides making the Deaf to hear, the Dumb to speak, and the Blind to see, that all such might be prepar'd against the Time, by reading and hearing of the Scriptures, in Order to receive the Benefit of the MILLENIUM.

This being more strengthen'd, I went to our best Mathematician, to know when that great Comet would appear that *Sir Isaac Newton* gave an Account of. He reply'd, in Thirty-Six, and that his Works had traced him ever since the Deluge, and always appear'd to the Time and Place, tho' not visible to us; but that now it would appear full East, and visible to us, and would remain in View several Weeks. I ask'd, of what Matter it might consist, and in what Nature it would appear? He said, of a combustible Matter, in like Manner of the Bowels of the Earth, such as Mines, Ores, Sulphur, Coal, Metals, Pitch, Lead, and the like, suppos'd to have been rais'd by Providence from the Creation of the Sea, and that in Magnitude it was as many Degrees bigger than the whole Earth as the Waters are. I ask'd, if he did not think there might be great Danger when two such great Bodies met in one Point or Quarter, the Sun being a Body of Fire, the Comet of combustible Matter? In all Probability there might: But *Sir Isaac* left us to judge the good or ill Consequences, not presuming to say how that divine Power that made the World should be pleas'd to dispose of us.

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So upon serious Considerations of all that I had heard, I tho't it highly necessary to take the Doctor's Advice, and bring it to the Stage, for a general Good, that those who won't believe might see the Difference, fearing such a Misfortune should steal upon us like a Thief in the Night, and perhaps not above one Half of us truly prepar'd. The Shortness of Time oblig'd me to hurry my Piece, fearing I should be too late for the intended Service, and was forc'd to fix my Characters from an Italian History of the most pernicious Vices to a future State, not doubting the good Effect it may have from those who are so politick to cry, *Tis level'd at Me.* As Men are Strangers to their own Knowledge till they read themselves in fair Characters; and when they find their Capacities over-rule in their favourite Element, Vice of all Kind will appear odious, and very often reclaim itself, not doubting but it will be the good Effect of this Piece; then I shall expect the Thanks of all irregular Proceeders that expect the Benefit of this Change; hoping none will leave this great and eternal Work undone.

*For to whom must we fly, or whither run,
Should our once dying Lord with Anger come.
All Face to Face before th' All-seeing Eye
Shall stand, whilst Angels light the Mourning-Sky.
The rolling Sun and Moon forever after,
Will then be dim to view their bright Creator.
Clusters of Stars in Flames shall tumble down,
To wait their Master on his Judgment Throne.
Heavens borne on Clouds, attend the solemn Seat,
And spread to every View the blissful State.
Think, think on this before it is too late.*

NOTE, This Play is design'd to guard the Body, by precautioning Ladies of Fortune from Imposition in Marriage, and Men from losing their Estates at Gaming; with a Discovery of all the Tricks and Impositions that have been ever us'd. Likewise, a Sketch of expected and necessary Charges for the smallest Families that must attend going to publick Places: Also, Remarks of the natural Humours of all the gay Assemblies in Europe. My Entertainment is design'd to save the nobler Part; a Fiction drawn from the *Rake's Progress* of a Libertine, who after an excessive mispent Life becomes a Lunatick, and in his Lightness fancies himself in the Skies at *Jove's Seat*; where by the Strength of Imagination he makes Observations, believing the opposite Extrems of Happiness and Misery are represented to his View at once, and Himself at the Brink of Danger of being for ever lost. Much more surprizing in the Performance than in being read. A Piece that no Family should be without, should the World continue.



THE
FORTUNE-HUNTER:
OR, THE
GAMESTER Reclaim'd.

Enter Capt. PHENIX and MAR.

PHENIX.



AM Heart-sick of this dull Course of Life, and likewise of the Place; sure, ours is the most stupid Town in the whole Kingdom of MOROCCO: Besides, a Lieutenant's Pay will but just keep a Man from starving. For three Years past I could never keep above Three-and-Six-pence in my Pocket at once; and was always in debt, always dunn'd, and always poor. I must chuse some other Course of Life, or I shall die in the Hip.

Mar. What dost thou think, *Phenix*, of going to ENGLAND a Fortune-hunting; thou art a showish Fellow, and who knows the good Luck such Adventures may afford thee: I could name thee a many of our Kingdom who have met with unlimited Success; and why may it not be your Chance——

Phe. What do you mean by Unlimited Success?

Mar. I mean, that some catch Fortune by Marriage, some by intriguing with other Mens Wives, some by gaming, some by riding the Highways, some by Midnight Street-walking,
B some

some by opening Shop-doors without Keys, some by wearing a Straw in their Shoes, some by Affidavits in Form, and others by wearing hempen Cravets: This I call Unlimited Fortune: Besides, the balmy Honey Dews of ENGLAND stick so close to our Country-mens Lips, they seldom return again.

Phe. This seems very much the Reverse of our State-Lotteries; for here are a great many Prizes to one Blank: But if I should draw that damn'd Blank, what then!

Mar. Thou must make the King but a sad Soldier, if thou art such a Coward as to be afraid of one Blank to so many Prizes. What wouldst thou do in a hot Engagement, where there are very often ten Blanks to one Prize, and where you'd receive no greater Reward for that Danger than Three-and-Six-pence a Day. But 'tis observ'd in ENGLAND, that the Custom of our Countrymen is to make a greater Noise about Fighting, than they do with the Firelocks they fight with; and 'tis an old Proverb, that the noisy ones do the least Execution. Faith, Capt. I'm afraid this is your Condition, by your Timorousness: So that I wou'd have you sell your Commission, and try your Fortune on the other Side of the Water, where there is less Danger, and more Delight, than in the Army; and that Money will equip you with all Necessaries for Business.

Phe. You are a little satyrical upon my Courage: No matter; I have a great Mind to take your Advice, and try this Unlimited Fortune, as you call it; and if the Decree of Fate shou'd will against me, it must be a Paradise to the Perplexity I labour under here. Pray, what Part of the Kingdom wou'd you advise me to land at?

Mar. In the West. I have heard there are some hot Springs at a Place, called *Aix-la-Chapell*, others call it *Bath*— within an hundred Miles of *London*. 'Tis said, their Virtues are surprizing: They set the Lame upright, and the Sick to rights: Besides, they have a great Influence over reputed Barrenness, by the Assistance of such young Fellows as you are, I suppose, when Women are from their Husbands. And they farther say, 'tis a Place of the greatest Resort in the World for Men of Distinction, and Women of Fortune; all under the Imputation of drinking the Waters for feign'd and various Disorders; but soon after they get there, their Distempers evaporate: Then all Sorts of Diversions go forward; in particular, one, which you may make your Fortune by, he being the happiest Man that has the greatest Influence in Amours. This Place must suit you for the first Adventure, and if no Benefit Ticket arise there, you must
away

away to the Metropolis, and try the other Chances for a Prize; the Devil's in't if all miss; besides, they all come within the Limits of our Countrymens Custom of Fortune-hunting.

Phe. Faith, I like this Account you give of the Place much. I'll away with all Speed to *Aix-la-Chapell*. How wou'd you have me equip myself? I have got but this one blue Suit to my Back, beside my old Regimental; or wou'd you advise me to cut off my long Hair, and wear a Wig, or not?

Mar. As to your Apparel, go as you are; your Blue is a very good Travelling-Suit; and when you come there, if the Fashions are alter'd, you must suit yourself according to the English Drefs; and if no good Fortune immediately arise for your Interest, tell them you are come away in a Hurry, and that your Changeable Cloaths you expect every Day. Nobody will endeavour to disprove one of our Country; they are so accustomed to say, swear, or do any Thing. As to your Hair, keep that on, tye it up close, and wear a Wig over it; going in Masquerade may serve for several Adventures. If you have no Success in your first Undertaking, when you attack Fortune by the Slight of Hand on the Road, for fear of a Discovery, clap your Wig in your Pocket, comb out your long Hair, and nobody will suspect you to be the Man.

Phe. Excellent Thoughts, and good Advice! I hope I shall be able to improve these learned Hints. Suppose I was to get some of my Countrymen there to swear that I am as good a Gentleman as any in the Kingdom: With this Addition, that I have Ten Hundred a Year in the North of our Country. You know we never scruple Swearing or Lying, to serve one-another abroad.

Mar. Don't let them swear to so little by any Means; for your English Ladies reckon our Countrymens Hundreds a Year by Inches: They have been too often impos'd upon that Way already; and 'tis become Thread-bare: If they swear to any, let them swear to Twelve good Hundreds a Year; they'll soon know the Meaning, and believe the Truth of that. But they have Money enough; 'tis neither Hundreds a Year, nor Riches are wanted there; their Husbands are oblig'd to furnish them with that: But you may furnish them with Heirs, which is more dear than Riches to them. Besides, there lives one *Tom Pharo*, a Countryman of yours; and 'tis given out, he has Eleven Hundred a Year: He keeps a Pharo-Bank at *Basset-House*; and the Ladies crowd round him on that Character: He gets an Estate daily by Gaming. You must exceed him by

One Hundred a Year, or you cannot be the *Phenix*, according to the Name you go by here.

Phe. Dear *Mar*, thou hast given me Hints sufficient to improve on; and the greatest Trouble I have, is in parting from You, the best of Friends.

Mar. The Trouble has an equal Effect on Me; but the dearest Friends must part, and Business must be minded: But I'll give thee a Letter of Recommendation to a Friend of mine; his Name is *Rover*; perhaps it may be in his Power to serve you.

Phe. I thank you; and will sell my Commission to Night, to take the Opportunity of the English Ship that sets Sail Tomorrow.

Mar. The sooner the better, it being near the Time of the Season; and if You are willing, I'll give as much for your Commission, directly, as any body.

Phe. If it is your Desire, there's no one shall have it but Yourself.

Mar. It is, and if you'll go with me, I'll pay you for it immediately.

Phe. With all my Heart.

Mar. If I shou'd not think of it again before you go, I charge you to let me hear from you as often as possible, and of your good Success.

Phe. You may depend upon it, that Friendship shall never be wanting on my Side.

Mar. And my Friendship shall be ever lasting to your Interest; and if your Success proves according to my Expectation, I will certainly take a Trip to ENGLAND, on Purpose to give thee Joy of thy Treasure.

Phe. Pray do, it shan't cost thee a Guinea for Charges.

*To MOROCCO farewell, that ne'er gave Hand or Crib;
But Old ENGLAND shall do't, or I'll dance on her Gibb.*

SCENE II.

Enter Dry-Skin, Thin-Blood, and Lappey.

Dry. This is a damn'd poor Season: Where will it end, or what will be the End of us all! This Day has my Shop been crowded, and I have not taken Forty Shillings. Such a Set of
Hags

Hags hath not been here these Forty Years, to my certain Knowledge.

Thin. Most of this Company are certainly the off-Scum of all that was born for generous Society and publick Good. Trade has not been so dead since the Waters have been hot; and you may as soon smell a Muscovy Cat as a Piece of Roast-Beef about the Town: The very Poor stagger in the Streets like drunken Men, for want of Fragments to subsist Nature; the Turn-Spits are at War with the Cooks, for want of Bones; and the Scullions have deserted the Kitchens.

Lap. Pray, Gentlemen, don't speak so slightly of the Company; for here are some very good People, and they would be better, were it not for a few Runners; some call them Hangers-on, or Mischief-makers: Such Monsters lie perdue, like Hawkes of Prey; and as soon as a Family comes to Town, by their Assurance, introduce Themselves: Then they give Characters of all Sorts of Shop-keepers, and set Prices to Provisions; making the Gentry believe, by false Insinuations, they can buy cheaper than Prime-Cost. Such base Proceedings give a Supposition, that the Towns-People are all Sharpers, and their Servants all Cheats.

Dry. Why this is very true; and as the Towns-People do know all these Runners of both Sexes, and know them to be such common Nufances to the Publick Trade; besides the many Impositions upon Gentry, by false Informations——

Lap. I say, let the Towns-People, One and All, joyn together, and break three or four Points of the Law, either by Map-Sticks, Horse-Ponds, or else hunt them without the City-Gates, as Enemies to the Publick Good of *Aix-la-Chapell*.

Thin.

Dry.

Lap.

} Agreed; with all our Hearts.

Thin. Oh! Mr. *Dry-Skin*, One Latter-Season is worth Half-a-Dozen of these pimping Spring-Seasons: But I can't guess from whence the Devil one Half of this Pinch-Fart Company came.

Dry. Neither can I guess where the other Half is to go.

Lap. Why, they make as much Show, to look at, as real Quality.

Dry. There lies the Devil on't: They starve their Insides to enrich the Out; and being far from Home, believe they shall be taken for Quality: But I assure you, Brother, the Shop, Step, and Air, are as well known here, as they are at Court by the Yeomen of the Guard.

Lap

Lap. Besides, you can scarce see a Pin-Sticker, or Wind-Catcher all over *Aix-la-Chapell*: There are never better Times, than when the Streets are well lin'd with that Sort of Gentry. The *Rover* has the greatest Equipage that's here now; so you may guess what Sort of a Season this is like to be.

S C E N E III.

Enter Guthall and Clear-Bottom.

Gut. I thank God, here's a glorious Latter-Season coming; then the Kitchens will smell like Nofegays; the Streets will be pav'd with Roast-Meat-Bones, and the very Kennels will run with Gravey-Sauce. I have a blest'd Acquaintance with Cooks and Valets: Then my Lord's Venison, and rich Soops, shall be well paid off, I'll engage.

Clear. I have an universal Acquaintance with Stewards and Butlers: My Lord's Bottles of Port, Sherry and Beer, shall be well booz'd, I'll engage.

Lap. [*aside*] And I'll engage, those are the truest Words that were ever spoke by two such Swabbers, who have no other Deity but their Bellies.

Dry. Why, *Guthall*, thou art grown such a Monster, should'st thou happen to tumble down, thou would'st certainly burst; then half of the Company would be poison'd out of Town; that would ruin half of the Inhabitants: We are not so damnable rich at these Publick Places, as to bear the Loss of a Season.

Gut. Ha, ha, ha; why, you seem to be witty, Mr. *Dry-Skin*. I suppose you have been so extravagant to buy a Farthing's-worth of Small-Beer, to raise your Spirits, to-day: Besides, thou art become so miserable, that thy Body is so much like a Skeleton, wert thou to be as publick by Night, as thou art by Day, thy ghostly Appearance would frighten the other Half out of Town.

Lap. So betwixt your two Extremes of Living, the Town is in Danger of being ruin'd.

Dry. Pray, Mr. *Guthall*, what might you have for Breakfast to-day, may I be so bold?

Gut. Why, I am not ashamed to own; Brother *Clear-Bottom* and I had a Pail-full of Ale, a Twelve-penny Loaf made into Toast, and a Gloucestershire Cheese roasted.

Dry.

Dry. A very pretty Breakfast, indeed!

Gut. Pray, what had You for Breakfast, may I be so bold?

Dry. I'm not asham'd to own; my Brother *Thin-Blood* and I had Sage-Tea without Sugar, or Milk and Water-Gruel without Butter or Salt, to prevent clogging our Stomachs, 'till Dinner.

Gut. Ha, ha, ha, a very fine Breakfast, indeed!

Thin. What may you have for Supper?

Gut. We generally have ten or twelve Pounds of cold Meat, a Belly of Tripes, or some such Trifle; with three or four Gallons of Ale betwixt us: This is our Course of Life.

Lap. [*aside*] A very fine Course of Life, indeed, for Beast to live; and you're no better.

Clear. Pray, Mr. *Dry-Skin*, what have Mr. *Thin-Blood* and You for Dinner, to-day? I suppose you are both in a Mess.

Dry. For Dinner! a good Fore-Quarter of Mutton, at my Country Inn, where I very often dine: Brother *Thin-Blood* and *Laphey* are my Guest; they will justify the same; our Liquor is Three of Good, and One of Better. What a Plague! we live the Life of Sense, as well as *Gutball* and You;—and so your Servant. Come along, they will be for asking more Questions, and bantering us, if we stay longer.

Gut. Ay, you may go, for the Good you'll do any where.

Exeunt Dry-Skin, Thin-Blood, and Laphey.

Clear. I hope you slept well after that glorious Supper we indulg'd ourselves with last Night.

Gut. Oh! the very Richness of the Sauce enlivens my Soul to this Minute.

Clear. And that last glorious Bottle has charg'd my Veins so high, that they strut with fresh Vigour to this Moment: What Enjoyments this Course of Life affords us!

Gut. Brother, Have you heard the News?

Clear. What News!

Gut. Here came to Town last Night, from on Board, a Pacquet-Boat, a Couple of Cruzers, Fore-Runners, Season-Hunters, Sharpers, or Strappers; and they bring Word, that here's a great Fortune-Hunter coming to *Aix-la-Chapell*, from the Kingdom of *MOROCCO*.

Clear. Brother, The Stock of our Town is like Garden-Flowers in Spring: Here are Blossoms of every Colour, and the Rovers from all Parts hover round them like Bees, extracting Honey, with Poison in their Tails; and for want of Care, we have very often a Lady stung. Egad, Neighbour *Dry-Skin* must take
care

care of his Daughter now, or she may be hunted off: I suppose that will be his first Attempt.

Gut. I shan't be sorry for't: He's a miserable old Wretch, and has starv'd his Guts, to save his immense Riches.

Clear. I think that Kingdom furnishes all the World with Fortune-Hunters: This will be the Tenth we have had here within these two Years, and five of them try'd at Neighbour *Dry-Skin's* Daughter.

Gut. Ay, and so may This try, to as little Purpose as the Others did: They are too well known here, to catch any Fish from our blessed Springs. I think four of them were hang'd afterwards for trying their Fortunes another Way.— But they say this is a swanking Fellow, above six Foot high, and looks as fierce, as if a Ten Thousand Pounder would scarce serve him for a Breakfast.

Clear. Where will he use? I shall want to see what sort of a Fellow he is, when he comes.

Gut. Oh! at the old Places, according to Custom: The Pump-House twice a Day, the Rooms twice, and the Balls twice a Week, and Sundays to the Gaming-Table; or he cannot be with the Polite. But they are like the Birds of Prey, never out of their Element, so they can be where the Ladies are. You may see him every Morning at the Pump-House Door, upon the third Step, that the Ladies may have a full View of his stately Growth, with his Right Hand upon his Left Pap, cringing in as many Antick Shapes as a Harlequin.

Clear. It must be excellent Diversion to see the Humours of his Design.

Gut. But they assured me, that he has got a Letter of Recommendation to the *Rover*; and if the *Rover* sticks by him, his Adventures may prove successful: For the *Rover* has been an excellent Pander ever since he has Rov'd here; by which Industry he has gain'd his Preferments. If the *Rover* sets him his Game, he must be a dull Bird of Prey not to catch some of it.

Clear. But if the *Rover* acts that Part, there must be a good Premium in case of Success; for he is like the rest of the World, grown old and covetous: No doubt of it, he will do any Thing for Money. But we shall soon see the Event of their Proceedings. Brother, let us go. [Exit.

Enter Lappey, and stops them.

Lap. Mr. *Gutball*, did you hear that old Wretch, *Dry-Skin*, repeat, that he liv'd the Life of Sense, as well as You? The Life

Life of Sense it is, most certain: But I assure you, all the Strong Liquor that old Villain has drank at his own Expence within these seven Years, would not set a Dor-Mouse to sleep when awak'd. The Day he entertain'd us with a Fore-Quarter of Mutton, as he calls it, I was with him picking of Stones out of one of his beautiful Meadows. Soon after the Clock struck Twelve, he ask'd what I would have for Dinner; for he would dine at yon little Alehouse. I knowing his miserable Temper, reply'd, a Couple of Red-Herrings, if he pleas'd. At which he says, Pish, *Lappey*, you banter me now, or else you have a Mind by drouthy Food to drink all the Liquor in the Cellar; that must be paid for: Says he, what do you think of a good Sheep's Head? 'tis better than any Lamb's at this Time of the Year; neither have I had such a Thing these three Weeks.

Gut. Oh! miserable old Villain: How we'll roast him the next Time we see him, about his Fore-Quarter of Mutton! I could not imagine what made him hurry away so.

Lap. Hold, Mr. *Guthall*, I've not done yet. I said, with all my Heart, Sir. Here, said he, is Two-pence; be sure to buy a good one, and get the Heart in, if possible. Then invite Brother *Thin-Blood*; he's one after my own Heart. Said I, if you please to give me Two-pence more, I'll bring a Quarter of a Hundred of Eight-penny Asparagus. Said he, thou art always putting me to unnecessary Charges; why, we have some of our own will come round in two Years Time; then we shall have them for nothing.

Clear. Such a miserable Wretch, sure, was never heard of; to wait two Years for the Growth of Asparagus!

Lap. I went to Market, and all the fresh kill'd were sold: I bought a very stale one, and got the Heart in. Then away to *Thin-Blood*, and deliver'd the Message.

Gut. I'm struck dumb with Wonder at the Wretchedness of these two rich Misers.

Lap. I carry'd it to Master, and told him it was stale. No matter, said he, 'twill eat the better. I ask'd him for a Penny to buy Mustard, Pepper, and Salt. He grumbl'd, and said, his Pocket could never rest for me. He then reply'd, if it be stale that will catch thee by the Nose as well as Mustard; and if it be brought hot to Table, that will scald thy Mouth as well as Pepper; and there is always Salt in the Broth.

Clear. Sure, such unheard of Methods to save Money never were: I'm not surpriz'd at their immense Riches.

Lap. Dinner was ready, and brought to Table. Says *Thin-*
Blood,

Blood, 'tis lovely good. So good as 'tis, said I, the Devil shall dine with you again, for me. Reply'd *Dry-Skin*, the Devil shall be welcome, so as he'll bring Provisions with him. What say you *Thin-Blood*? with all my Heart, and *Proserpine* too, if she will pay the Extraordinary. What shall we drink, Master, said I? Get some Small Tiff, said he. Yes, Sir. I'll pledge thee, *Lappey*. Zounds, cries he, thou hast brought humming Ale! Egad, I've catch'd you, Master, 'tis nothing but Toast and Spring-Water. Said he, I was afraid it tasted wounded strong of the Pocket: Bring three Pints of Small, and one of better; that will make humming Tipple. Soon after Dinner, he says, I have din'd well, and swill'd my Guts bravely. *Thin-Blood* reply'd the same: For which we return our hearty Thanks. Then *Dry-Skin* call'd the Landlord to know of him what was to pay. The Landlord turn'd Poet Extempore:

Gentlemen, *You're welcome; two Groats is the Score;*

For Liquor and All I charge you no more;

But such Guests as you are I ne'er had before.

'Tis Business of mine, withal, to be civil;—

But surely you were sent from Hell by the Devil.

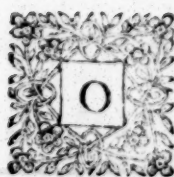
Such Misers as You are the Root of All Evil.

[*Exeunt all laughing.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter ROVER, meditating.

ROVER.



H! all ye Gods above the Skies, that dare,
Pity a Wretch that's driven to Despair.

Not once have I clos'd my Eyes for sweet Repose
this blessed Night, but that eternal Game has rattl'd
thro' my Brains like Peals of Thunder thro' the
tempestuous Skies: A Game invented in the most obscure Part
of Hell, and introduced by that gloomy God of Darknefs,
to disturb Mens Quiet on Earth, or to rouse them to most
prophane Blasphemy, in Order that they may be prepared for
his endless eternal Regions. Oh! sink the Dice down to the
lowest

The GAMESTER Reclaim'd.

11

lowest Pit of Hell, from whence they receiv'd their Birth; then great Mens Souls will upwards fly, like ascending Meteors in the Sky: Till then, the broad Track to dark Obscurity will be crowded.

Enter Thrifty.

Thrifty. Rover, What's the Matter you are thus pensive? I am sorry to see you thus disquieted.

Rover. The Matter is over now.

Thrifty. I'm glad to hear it; I hope all is well.

Rover. Well or ill, the Matter, as you call it, its Limits are far beyond the extensive Wings of Fortune, ever to hover over me more!

Thrifty. That's bad, indeed!

Rover. Bad! it's neither bad nor good; nor no Name can it go by.

Thrifty. Can I do any Thing to repel those Clouds of Sorrow that seem to sit heavy on your Brow?

Rover. I thank you, my faithful Friend: But there's nothing to be done for me: Fate has decreed against me: Then all Endeavours must be in vain. It is not that Dungeon Deity of thine, that has lain buried in Obscurity, either from the Light of Sun, Moon, or Stars, can do me Good or Hurt.

Thrifty. If Five Hundred Pounds will serve you, I'll fetch it.

Rover. I thank thee: But my Courage is out; and I will think of no more Vanities in this World. Couldst thou but lead me to some unthinking Corner, where Thought might forget me, or hurry these wearied Wheels of Life, that are desirous to stand still, thou mightst serve me.

Thrifty. Unthinking Corners! that's hard for the Unhappy to find; nor your tired Wheels of Life must not be driven, for fear of offending that Power which Life to you hath given; so that I cannot serve you. Take Patience with your Sadness, and I hope Time will make all Things easy.

[Thrifty offers to go.]

Rover. Every Breath that comes from your Mouth, is a kind Cordial to my afflicted Soul. Do not leave me yet, *Thrifty.*

Thrifty. I cannot stay; the whole Frame of Nature is fill'd with Grief: My Sluices are opening, and my Eyes will gush out a Torrent for your Affliction. *[Exit.]*

[Rover in a Pause]----- Ten Thousand lost last Year, with what I lost last Night! Five Thousand in Debt! My Annuities sold! My Credit gone! Not Five in my Pocket! The Horses' Heads swell'd! their Heels greasy! the Coach dirty! the Har-
nefs

nefs not clean! Little Hay in the Tallot! No Corn in the Binn!
My Servants all faucy!—What a Hell am I in!—

Enter Safety-Sure-Game.

Sure. Sir, here's one Captain *Phenix*, a Gentleman from the Kingdom of Morocco, desires a private Audience with your Honour.

Rover. Desire him to walk in.

[Exit *Safety*.

Enter Captain.

Capt. Sir, Your most obedient Servant.—I had Power given me in our Kingdom to wait on you, from an intimate Acquaintance of yours, one Mr. *Mar*.

Rover. Pray, Sir, sit down: I hope he's well; though once he us'd me ill.

Capt. Yes, Sir, very well; and this Commission he drew Himself, and desir'd me to deliver it you with my own Hand.

[Gives him a Letter.

Rover reads—— “Dear *Rover*, The Bearer is an intimate Friend of mine. Fortune has not been kind to him here; and therefore he is willing to try the English Shore. Had I not told you his Business, no doubt you would have guess'd it; for you know there are few of our Country that visit yours without that Design.—If you can serve him, he'll acknowledge the Favour to your own Satisfaction.

“From your real Friend,

Mar.

“N. B. He has got a good Morocco Twelve Hundred a Year.”

Rover. Pray, Sir, how long have you been in Town?

Capt. About three Days.

Rover. Have you made any Proceedings towards your Fortune?

Capt. None at all.—— I have shew'd myself at the Pump-House two or three Times; and I have paid my Respects with several Speeches; and I have receiv'd as many Returns. The Ladies seem to look kind and amorous: And I have over-heard them say,----- He's a well grown Fellow----- But I know not where to make my Addresses; or who has Fortune, or who has not: But am with Wonder struck, to think of what good Fortune may arise from so numerous an Assembly of beautiful Ladies. Sure, this must be the Paradise of Love!

Ruler.

Ruler. Sir, if you please to call To-morrow, I'll let you know more of my Mind.

Capt. Sir, your Servant; that I'll certainly do. [Exit.

Rover. Egad, this seems to be a likely Fellow for that Purpose: I'll improve the Hint. I am old, and Strength decay'd, and can do no more Service for the Ladies. Poverty seems to creep round me. I will serve him; but upon Condition, if I help him to a Thirty-Thousand Pounder, he shall give me Ten. That will pay my Debts, and set me to rights again. The first I'll do for him, shall be, to give him a Character, and introduce him to my Lady *Headborn*; the next to Lady *Rinus*. I'm sure they'll be charm'd with an Acquaintance of Twelve Hundred a Year, now they are absent from their Husbands, and never let him want for a good Table and suitable Company. The next Thing I serve him in, shall be, to bring him acquainted with the *Cheshire Widow*: She's in a Flame for a Husband: If he can strike up her Heels, both our Buinesses are done.

When Dice deceive, let's try our Wits;

Abandon Honour, scheme new Tricks.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Dry-Skin, Thin-Blood, and Lappey.

Lap. SO, Master *Dry-Skin*! Has not Captain *Phenix* been about your House, yet? I hear he has been some Time in Town; and they always used to attack yours first.

Dry. Why Captain *Phenix*! and what of Him, that you ask such a Question!

Lap. They say, he's the greatest Fortune-Hunter that was ever sent over: By his hungry Looks, you would think he was come for one Half of the Kingdom.----- You must have an Eye over Miss *Sherley*.

Dry. My *Sherley* has had five of them after her already, to your Knowledge. She hates their Country. But adad, if I catch him within my Doors, I'll set the Turn-Spits at him; ay, that I will; and I'm sure, after such an Affront, he'll never come there any more.

Lap. Oh! Sir, they are Blood-Hounds like, that neither fear Turn-Spits or Bull-Dogs, and quit their Country as a Lion does his Den with Hunger, and on our Continent they prey fierce as Wolves, Bears, or Tygers; they stop at nothing that comes in their Way.

Dry.

Dry. Wounds! thou dost give him a terrible Character:----- Why, then I must have a little Eye over her, I think.

Thin. Indeed, Brother, it's nothing but what's true; for which Reason, I would have you enjoy the Produce of the Earth a little more; for 'tis Ten to One, when you are dead, but one of these Eagles flies away with Miss *Sherley*; then all the Industry of your Brows must follow in Course, she being your only Child.

Dry. Adad, thou sayst what may be possible, Brother *Thin-Blood*; for she's a young wanton Hussy:----- But as to changing my Course of Life, that's dangerous; for High-Living now might throw my Body into a Flux; that would prove sudden Death to me: Besides, Custom has made it Second Nature; and you may as well reverse the forcible Tide, as reverse Nature in me.

Lap. Master *Dry-Skin*, why, you are in Danger of your Life, as it is; for should there blow a hurl Blast of Wind, you might be carried into some obscure Part, where we might never hear of you more. You had better take your Gold in your Pocket, to poise your Body against what Dangers may ensue.

Dry. Ha, ha, ha; very pretty Advice, indeed! then I'm sure to be knock'd in the Head.

Lap. [*aside*] Not Two-pence matter if you were, for the Good you do here. What a Curse Riches are to a Man, where there is not a Soul given to live up to the least Part of them. I would not be of his Temper for all he has. Pray, Sir, don't starve that thin Callicoe Body of yours quite: Besides, Life's but short, and when you are gone, all is gone.

Dry. [*in a Passion*] Don't tell me of Life being short or long; if the Money goes, Life goes Inch by Inch; with me, that's the Life; I know no other. I suppose, you want me to be such a Beast of a Fellow as *Gutball* and *Clear-Bottom*! Before I would gratify a parcel of ungodly Guts in every Thing, as they do, I would sow up my Backside for a Twelve-Month to come; ---- ay, that I would.

Lap. That you might for a Twelve-Month past, for the Use you have put it to.----- why, Sir, you have neither Guts nor Belly to subsist Nature, without good Living.

Dry. Mr. *Lappey*, if you have a mind to continue friendship with me, trouble yourself about your own Guts and Belly, let mine alone, for I shall use them as I please, and, perhaps better than they deserve.

Enter

Enter Guthall and Clear-Bottom.

Gut. So, Mr. *Dry-Skin*! we have heard of your elegant Entertainment with your Fore-Quarter of Mutton, as you call it, and likewise of your Liquor you had to wash it down; which, you stamp and said, was Three of Good and One of Better.

Dry. Well, Sir, and what then! Your beastly Guts are never the better for the Fragments.

Clear. Nor the Dogs for the Bones, where ever you come.

Dry. Adad, was I to be my Lord, or my Lady, (for you are always praising their House-keeping) I would order my Servants to kick you both out of the Kitchen; then your Guts would look as thin as mine; and I doubt not but they would, could they know what two Cormorants were harbour'd in their House: Besides, you starve all the Poor Strangers at the Lepers-Bath, that chiefly subsist upon the Fragments, which your ungodly Guts devour from Great Mens Tables.

Clear. Ha, ha, ha; why you are witty upon Brother *Guthall* and myself. I'm not asham'd to tell you, Mr. *Dry-Skin*, that I would stand the Kick twice a Day, for one full Meal, Gullet-high, at no Pence to pay. Oh! Spunging good Booz and Progg is the Delight of my Soul. There is but one Wish more to compleat our Happiness on Earth; that is, to have free Recourse to the City-Hall; I'll warrant ye, we would play our Parts with 'em.

Dry. I don't question that; but I think you wanted to be very merry upon Mr. *Thin-Blood* and me, by your fantastick Curiosity, in tracing out my Entertainment: It pleas'd myself and Friend: Besides, it's call'd a Fore-Quarter of Mutton in our Country! and what's that to any Body, what we eat or drink?

Gut. Pray don't be angry; the chief End of our Mirth consisted in your elegant Thoughts, to save the Expence of Pepper, Mustard, and Salt: But they say that your Guts are so knit together, for want of proper Food, that you can neither relax or break Wind; and that your Mouth, Guts, and Backside, are all at War one against the other; and e'er 'tis long, is expected a fatal Mutiny.

Dry. Mr *Guthall*, if every Body was to carry such a Mash-Tub of Wash, Grains, Guts, and Garbidge as you do, every Time the thick Wind blew, the Town would be suffocated, which might occasion such a Sickness, as would depopulate *Aix-la-Chapell*.

Clear.

Clear. Hold; no more: — Here comes the great Fortune-Hunter and the *Rover*, [*aside*] Wounds! he's a banging Dog, and looks like a Stallion, just stript out of Body-Cloaths. I'll engage, our Waters will gain Reputation this Year, in being very fruitful, that neither my Lord or my Lady, will complain for want of an Heir to inherit their Estate.

Gut. This looks like Business going forwards, by the Earnestness between the *Rover* and him: But if the *Rover* turns Pander, I would have every body take care of their Wives and Daughters; for by his universal Acquaintance, he may help to abandon half the Virtue in the Kingdom. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Rover and Capt. Phenix.

Rover. Well, Capt. I've thought of what you was saying to me Yesterday Morning; and it is in my Power to serve you; --- but upon Condition, that if I help you to a Thirty-Thousand-Pound Fortune, you'll give me Ten; or the Third of any Sum or Sums that you shall gain by Marriage.

Capt. Rover, that I'll agree to with all my Heart.

Rover. You must know, Captain, that between You and I, the last Year I had such a cruel Run of Fate, which run me Ten Thousand out, and almost Five Thousand in Debt; so that I'm oblig'd to use all the Stratagems that Art can invent, as well as you, to recover my Losses again, or die damnably in Debt: And I hate the Thoughts of being curs'd in my Grave for Non-Payment thereof.

Capt. Rover, I'm very glad you have been so frank to let me into this Secret; for betwixt You and I, we may convert Half the Riches of this Place to our own Use; for the Town is crowded with Wives, Widows, stale Virgins, Beauty and Innocence: All having the Command of Sums of Money, they, nor their Riches, are but slightly guarded by Fathers, Husbands, or Gallants; so that we may do what we please, here being so little Opposition.

Rover. To be sure here have been fifteen Women to one Man every Season, ever since I have us'd the Place; and could I have submitted myself to have been that Cock-Bawd-Monster, to have help'd Wives to Gallants, and Gallants to Fortunes, I might have been worth a Hundred Thousand Pound. But my Soul never would suffer me to submit to so base an Action. But the Proverb tells us Necessity is the Distress of Invention: 'Tis so by me, Captain, or I should never have conversed with you on this Business, and my very Blood runs cold at the Thoughts of such unparallel'd Villany.

Capt.

Capt. Mention not the Word Villany, the Great Ones tell you, it deserves a better Name: It's a fine Scheme invented to indulge Luxury and Indolence. Honesty is only a Priest-Craft contrived by the Pope to indulge his Great Toe: Were all Mankind honest, *Aix-la-Chapell* might starve: The Hazard Tables would have no Dice thrown on them: The Pharo no Punting: The Basset-Bank no Dealling: And that honest Wheel, the Ace-of-Hearts, would never turn round more. Besides, had all Men been Honest from the Creation, the World wou'd have continued upon a Parr. Mankind then would not have serv'd each other. Villany in our Country is laid Claim to, as an Hereditary Right, begot by my Grand-Sire with his Estate, and we are obliged to keep up the Spirit of it to this Day, or else we cannot convert that stupid dull lumpish Thing, call'd Honesty, to our various Uses. Any Thing that is honest with us, is look'd on to be a Fool, and Fools are to be us'd like Dogs or Horses, for our Ease; we make them Fetch and Carry, Draw, or Drive, and think it a Virtue in so doing.

Rover. Then Honesty is but a Notion, according to your Supposition.

Capt. Nothing else: And he that pretends to the most, has generally the least Share in't. No more of this Pimping Subject call'd Virtue and Honesty; 'tis the only Portion that must attend Cowards and Beggars: Men that would live the Life of Sense, should disdain the Subject in ENGLAND, as they do in our Country.

Rover. But how shall I be assur'd you'll be honest to me, after I have serv'd your Turn, by assisting you in your Fortune-Hunting? I have but small Hopes of your Performance, by your Discourse.

Capt. There is but one Virtue my Father before me went by; and that was, the principle Legacy of Honour he left me on his Death-Bed; his last Words were with a strict Charge to be sure to be grateful to the Friend that serv'd me: That, he said, was the chief End of Man in this World: — And that Request shall always be my Guide.

Rover. Sure, your Father had but dark Notions of Futurity, if he pronounced that Rule only to be the Chief End of Man.

Capt. We never Trouble our selves much about that Game call'd Blind-Man's-Buff. I always would play where there are certain Possessions, not to lose present Pleasures for imaginary Joys to come. I'll tell thee, *Rover*, how far I would be honest, as I do advise thee; I would not cogg a Dye, were I sure to win

the Stakes without: I would not robb upon the High-Way, were I assured the Person wou'd make me a Present of his Purse: I would not cut a Man's Throat to gain Admittance to his Money: Neither would I steal a Fortune, were I certain to get the Parents Consent: But I will get Money. These are the Principles I'm determin'd to stand by, with Resolution that you shall be sure to receive the Thirds of our Agreement. Consider of what I have said. I'll just step out, and wait on you again. *[Exit.]*

Rover. These are Principles fit for Devils to stand by, not Men. Such unheard of Villany has turn'd all my Blood into a Fermentation, that my very Skin is parch'd with Flame; my Sinews Crackle with Heat; my Flesh trembles with Rage; my Bones are ready to be dislocated with Fear, and the Marrow is dissolving within them; my Jaw is just falling; and my Hair stands an end; my Eye-Balls rowl; and my Tongue is quite dumb with Amazement. Sure from the Bowels of our English Soil, no such Monsters were ever rais'd. They say a Toad will not inhabit their Country; but I'm sure some Devils swarm in their Room. What must be done in this Undertaking? Fate is cruel to me; and e'er 'tis long, Poverty will clap me on the Shoulder. This, surely, is the most thorough-pac'd Villian I ever saw; he sticks at nothing to raise both our Fortunes; and by my Assistance he certainly will do it. I have no other way to redress my Losses. *Bon Courage!* I have been half a Villain all the Days of my Life, and this single Action will compleat me like himself. Had I not been a scrupulous Fool, this Addition had not been left undone, nor my Fortune to seek. 'Tis a hard Task for wretched Man to bear in Age; to begin new Scenes of Vice, when I ought to be rubbing out the old ones committed.

Enter Captain.

Capt. So, *Rover*, have you consider'd of the Doctrine I was preaching to you?

Rover. Yes; and it's fitter to be acted in Hell than on Earth: But Necessity has form'd me for thy Purpose: Say what thou wouldst have done, I am now prepar'd for thy Turn.

Capt. When shall we make a Beginning?

Rover. To-morrow: You'll be at the Ball; mind my Motions; you shall see me take out Lady *Headborn* and Lady *Rinus*; I'll carry them down to one of the proper Rooms going into the Garden, to drink Tea; the *Cheshire Widow* is intimate with them; she'll follow; then I'll send for you, to begin your Acquaintance.

Capt.

Capt. This seems to have a good Look for a Beginning.

Rover. Never fear; leave it to me for giving you a Character: Be sure not to fail of being there.

Capt. Be assured I will not.

Rover. Pray leave me to myself: In my Mind there is something that will admit of no Cure.

Capt. Never fear: Farewel till the Time appointed. [*Ex.*]

Rover. Oh! all ye Gloomy Gods of Darknes, is there nothing to be done for a Soul disturbed like mine? It must be so. What fresh Alarms will the World be amus'd with, or how shall I answer it at the last Day? What! to be a Cock-Bawd, a Pimp, a Procurer! to betray, to inflave the Innocent, and the Family-Fortunes that have been for Ages undisturbed! What! to Mafacre Virtue and Goodness to the greatest Libertine and Monster the Earth ever bore! What! to introduce the Devil incarnate to honest Mens Wives, where his curs'd Seed may take root and raise his own Likeness, which will cut off all the legitimate Lineage of the Female Race!

Ye Powers above, Good, Just, Divine,

Forbid at once this curs'd Design.

Oh! that I had been whelp'd, and not born, of some Mountain-Savage, either Lyon or Tyger; there to range by Conquest, and force my Way through the happy Fields, where I could be in no dread of a Superior Command, or Homage due to any Inferior Power! Then hungry Nature would tell me that I might Conquer all before me: There I could be easy: Or, that I could retire to the thickest Growth of Nature, and linger out the remaining Part of my Days under the tallest Shades, the thickest Groves, or darkest Gloom, where the Sun could not shine to warm me, nor Moon to chill me; to prevent Obligations to my Creator; then Hell might forget; and I fear Heaven would never seek after me. I am now become like the groveling cowardly Worm, that shrinks into his Cavern at the Shake of the Earth, when not hurt.

Oh! dire Severity, without a Name,

To rowl ten Thousand Years in Flame,

And twice ten Thousand, still the Torments are the same!

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A C T III.

[SCENE changes, where a Table is set, and old *Thrifty* behind it, to receive Money of his Waiters.]

Enter *Safety-Sure-Game*, at the Head of his Equipage. *Safety* appears first; leaves the Others waiting at the Door, till call'd.

S A F E T Y.



GOOD-MORROW, Sir.

Thrifty. You are much later To-day, than usual.

Safety. The Company play'd till very early this Morning: I was not a-bed till four o'Clock.

Thrifty. Where are the rest of the Waiters?

Safety. At the Door, now ready to pay, if you are ready to receive it.

Thrifty. Ha, ha, ha; I am always ready for that Sport, thou know'st. Pray let them in.

[*Safety* lets them in. All enter the Door, bowing to *Thrifty*.]

Safety. Place yourselves in Rank, Gentlemen, that Master may survey the honest Lines of each Physiognomy; and if there be a Person guilty of Fraud to so just, so good a Master, may his Blood flush quick into his Cheeks; then we shall be able to judge the Deceiver.

Thrifty. Oh! *Safety*, thou art the faithful Follower of my better Fortune: Was ever Master blest'd with such a Servant!

Safety. Or ever Servant with such a Master! For these Twenty Years have I serv'd, honour'd, and obey'd, without the least Jarrs, Jealousies, or Fears.

Thrifty. Well, *Safety*, in Return to your indulgent Care of my Business, and your matchless Virtues in Principles, I now give thee a Promise, that whenever my Conscience grows scrupulous of receiving any more of this illegitimate Gain, I shall leave off my Business. I swear now by all that's high and low, that none shall have the Refusal of it but Thyself; thou hast won it by Dint of Merit, the Fullness of my Bags can testify the same.

Safety.

Safety. Oh! my great good Master; I most heedfully hear you, and heartily return you Thanks for the Promise: But I hear there is a decay'd Gentleman that intends to offer you a Premium for the Good-Will of it: And tell me why you call the Fruits of our Industry illegitimate Gain.

Thrifty. Don't I assure you, that you deserve it by Dint of Merit? And that decay'd Gentleman's Premium shall never influence me to be ungrateful, or deceive one that has never deceiv'd me in his Trust. The Reason why I call it illegitimate Gain, is, because we are oblig'd to break the Laws of Man to get it; and they with most prophane Blasphemy, often break the Laws of God, in losing of it. These Reasons make me a little scrupulous, whether it will stand the Test of wearing, like other Gold, or not. I have often heard, that Money got by Gaming, is like rank Butter, without a great deal of Care in the Melting, it will turn to Oyl.

Safety. That superstitious Nonsense is only Priest-Craft, Dreams to frighten Women, and puzzle Children. I'll warrant the Wear of it, Master.

Thrifty. Well, *Safety*, what good Success had the Ace of Hearts last Night?

Safety. Oh! 'tis a Pity that Wheel should ever stand still: I would have it as perpetual in its Motion as the revolving Sun. The full Sum of Three-Score-Pound it clear'd again last Night: The *Rover* was out of Luck, and he snack'd his Share before he went home. There is the other Forty to a Farthing.

Thrifty. What say you, Captain *Croop*, how did the Pharo-Table prosper?

Croop. The Pharo had but a poor Night of it, to what it used to have: It clear'd only Five-and-Forty Pounds; of which Money here are Thirty for You; the Third Share is my own.

Thrifty. I hope, Capt. *Puff*, your Bank had better Luck than the Pharo.

Puff. I think the Bassett-Bank is bewitch'd of late. I want a thorough Pull, as we us'd to have, of Four or Five Hundred. I have pick'd up Four-Score-and-Ten; and was plaguly out of my Money at one Time. There is a Debt of Honour of Forty more. I've drawn my Thirds, and here is the Remainder for the *Rover* and You, to a Six-pence.

Thrifty. Come, Mr. *Cogg-Dye*, let me see your Money, that I may know what the Hazard-Table has done.

Cogg-Dye. Indeed, Sir, I took but Thirty Boxes, and there they are: There are four more owing by two ill-natur'd Gamesters

sters that were sadly out of Luck ; they'll pay the next Time.

[*Thrifty shakes his Head*] Ah ! you little Rogue, pay your Money ; I'm afraid you play Sinkings upon me.

Cogg-Dye. I never wrong'd you, Sir, in my Life, nor ever will ; but here are two Guineas I found under the Table, at your Service.

Thrifty. Keep that for Yourself. What's your Money ?

----- Sir, Fifty Shillings for the Passage-Table.

Thrifty. What Money have You brought me ?

----- Sir, I have Three Pound, for all the Card-Tables.

Thrifty. How much Money from the Billiard-Table ?

----- Sir, Here are Twenty Shillings, and all I took.

Thrifty. Was the Puppit-Show full last Night ?

----- Sir, it was, and here are Five Pounds to your Share.

Thrifty. How was the Comfort ?

----- Sir, very full, and here are Six Guineas for the Use of the Room.

Thrifty. Have You brought me any Money ?

----- Sir, here are two Guineas for the private Ball.

Thrifty. I have seen no Subscription-Money for the Walks.

----- Sir, here's Money for Ten Subscribers.

Thrifty. Were there ever a Breakfast Yesterday Morning ?

----- Sir, there was, and here are Five Pounds for Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, and Butter'd French Rowls.

Thrifty. Were there no Drams ?

----- Sir, Drams, Jellies, Mackeroons, Seed-Cakes, and Rack-Punch, come to Ten Pound, and there's the Money : The Year's Rent of the Shop will be due next Week ; and I'll bring you the Sixty Pounds, if you please to leave a Receipt.

Thrifty. That I'll do ; and as to the Profits of the Whipt-Sul-libubs, Gloves, Snuff, waste Cards, old Dice, &c. that I'll give to you all, for your indulgent Care.

----- Sir, your Servant : We return you hearty Thanks.

[*Exeunt.*]

Thrifty. A good Morning to you all. Pray, be something earlier To-morrow Morning ; and mind your respective Posts : The Gentry have all Money enough : Be sure to fleece 'em while you have 'em : Our Seasons are but short ; and e'er 'tis long, they'll be out of your Reach : Consider that.

Enter Guthall and Clear-Bottom.

Gut. Your Servant, Mr. *Thrifty* ; what, do all these Servants belong to You ?

Thrifty.

Thrifty. All that you see, compleat my Equipage, and they answer my End as well as any Nobleman's in Europe.

Gut. Why, you have a great many to maintain.

Thrifty. That's your Mistake, Mr. *Guthall*; I have a great many to maintain Me.

Clear. I suppose you have been paying them off; that's the Occasion of their being altogether.

Thrifty. No, Sir; they have been paying the Quality off last Night; and this Morning they paid Me off. I pay them their Wages but once a Year; their Vailes maintain them the rest.---- Gentlemen, your Servant. [Exit.

Gut. Brother *Clear-Bottom*, the Virtue in our Springs is plain to every intelligent rational Creature, or the Gentry wou'd not come to the Place, where they must run the Hazard of being pull'd to Pieces for Money.

Clear. That's very true. Now let you and I reckon in what Manner they run the Gauntlet. The first Attack that's made, before they come into Town, is by a Set of Touting Inn-Keepers, Ostlers, and Trades-People: The Second, is the Ringers: The Third, the Stair-Cafe Musick: The Fourth, for a Subscription at the Pump-House: The Fifth, at *Thrifty's* Great-Room: The Sixth, at the Book-sellers: The Seventh, for the Walks: The Eighth, at the Coffee-Houses, for Pen, Ink, and Paper: The Ninth for the Curates: The Tenth, for the Charity-School: The Eleventh, for decay'd Gentlemen: The Twelfth, for the Poor Strangers: The Thirteenth, for the wretched Lepers: The Fourteenth for the Players: The Fifteenth, for Puppet-Shows: The Sixteenth, for Dissenting Parsons: The Seventeenth, for Horse-Racing: The Eighteenth, for Cudgel-Playing.

Gut. All this is very true: Besides, they have no Rest in their Lodgings for the Lace-Women, Milliners, and Clear-Starchers: No sooner have they fereted them out of their Burrows, but the Toy-shops, China-shops, Milliner-shops, and other Shops, are ready to pull them in Pieces for Raffles: Then there's the Doctors, Apothecaries, and Surgeons, they are all like the Glazier and Tinker, that make Work one for another; they can never be quit of them, when once their Names are enroll'd on the File: Then there's the Sexton; his Mouth is like his Graves, always open, that they have no Rest on a Sunday: So that the Place of Sanctuary is turn'd into a Theatre; for without a Silver Key, there is no Passage-Way to the Heavenly Ray; in Darknes stay 'till Dooms-Day.

Clear.

Clear. Ha, ha, ha; all this is very true, Brother *Gutball*: Besides, we Lodging-Keepers seldom go to Market for our selves, or Servants, when our Houses are full of Strangers, and their Pantries are always open to the Trades-People that serve the House: But You and I are Town-Boarders; we never go but where there's the best House-keeping.

Gut. But what is worse than all this, Brother, our Town swarms with long wing'd Crapes from all Parts, and those Ravens will not be frighten'd from where the Prey is: You never see return'd from the Tables where they dine, the Wing of a Chick, the Breast of a Partridge, or the Leg of a Wood-Cock, nor any broken Bottles of Wine.

Clear. Curse their long Stomachs; 'tis the worse for You and I.

Gut. Mind how these Brawny Rogues turn out at the Three Points where the Fat gathers in Bullocks: You and I are but Babies to 'em.

Clear. What a Swanking Caul must they have in that great Paunch, for to swell a Keatch of Tallow; his great Buttocks quaver with Fat: That must be fine Eating for Cannibals, when stuf't. See how his broad fat Chops perfectly Melt in Grease as he sits at Table; and his Eye-Balls rowl at yon Bumper of Wine!

Gut. Now, Brother, let you and I take Notice how the Gentry runs the Gauntlet the Second Time, when they leave the Town. First of all, there's a Guinea to the Pumper: Second, a Crown to the Boy at the Pump-handle: Third, Half-a-Guinea to the Serjeant: Fourth, a Crown to the Cloth-Woman: Fifth, a Crown to the Bath-Guide: Sixth, a Crown to the Chair-Men: Seventh, a Guinea to the Cook-Maid, where you lodge: Eighth, two Guineas to the Chamber-Maids: Ninth, Half-a-Guinea to the Scullion: Tenth, a Crown to each Porter at the Long-Room Doors: Eleventh, to the Ostlers and Boot-Catchers one Guinea: The last of all, is a Present to the Stripmy-Coach-Beggars.

Clear. If all this is strictly perform'd, the Road in their Passage home, will be crowded with kind Wishes, Prayers, and Blessings. If there is any Abatement, the first Days Journey will be attended with ill Wishes and Curses enough, to unravel the Virtue they have gain'd by drinking the Waters.

Gut. What you say is very true, Brother: Adad, they had need have good Estates that come to *Aix-la-Chapell*; for amongst

The GAMESTER Reclaim'd.

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us all, we try whether they will stand the Test, or not :— But these Charges are meer Trifles to People of Fortune.

SCENE of a CHAIR-POLE.

Clear. Well, Brother, how must we divert our Cormorant Gods next? you know that both Sheriffs and Mayor's Feasts are over.

Gut. Why, the next that comes on is the Taylors and Chairmens. I have laid a Scheme, thro' my Acquaintance, that we are both sure to be introduc'd there, and shall be look'd on as the prime Guest of the Feast. Let me alone for securing a Friend against an Entertainment: I assure you, it's half my Study. And as to the *Rover*, I have already taken Care to make such an Interest with him, as to come in for part of the Fragments of all the Quality Entertainments: Besides he publicly declares, that no Entertainment can appear with Reputation, unless we are seen there.

Clear. That was gloriously pronounc'd of the *Rover*, and as gloriously done in your securing his Interest. But, Brother, as the Town affords us a full Plenty of Guttage, let us not devour the Taylors and Chairmen; they all work hard for their Money.

Gut. Let 'em work and be damn'd, what care I! they were made for no other Purpose. Brother *Clear-Bottom*, I do assure you, that I would as soon eat up a Chair-Pole or Cabbage-Stalk, as to dine at a Lord Mayor's Feast, for the Matter of Scruple of Conscience; and have a good Mind to eat up a Chair-Pole, on Purpose to make good an old Proverb, that the Devil shan't out-eat me.

Clear. Why, 'tis impossible; I hate to hear such Nonsense.

Gut. Why impossible! I have eat Bones as hard, although not so long, and my Guts always digested them: 'Sblood, I will eat up a Chair-Pole, and just now too, while the Lust is on me, to convince you that there's nothing impossible. [*knocks in a Hurry*] Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, d'ye call?

Gut. Yes: Go call me a Chair this Minute.

[*Exit Servant.*

Clear. 'Tis certainly mad Work you are going to undertake; why the Splinters may stick in your Guts, and prove Ruin to you.

E

Gut.

Gut. The Splinters be damn'd ; there's nothing ever stuck in my Guts or Stomach yet, unless it was when there were no Eating to be had.

Clear. Use your own Will ; but I fear you'll repent it, when too late.

Gut. I shall repent of nothing but my Sins ; and that may be as well done in half a Day, as if we were to be seven Years about it.

Enter a Chair, with Dow-Bread bak'd in an Oven, round two thin Pieces of Deal, and rasped into the exact Shape and Length of a common Chair-Pole, just strong enough to support the Chair.

Chair. Master, did You fend for us ?

Gut. Ay, honest Chairmen, I did, to know what I must give the first Hour, and how much an Hour after, for waiting.

Chair. Sir, the first Hour is Eighteen Pence, and Twelve Pence an Hour after : On these Terms we are ready to serve you.

Gut. 'Tis very well ; and I shall employ you : But I have a strange Fancy come into my Head, that I can eat up one of your Chair-Poles.

Chair. Faith, Master, if you are in Earnest, you shall be welcome to eat them both ; they are good strong ones, I can tell you.

Gut. Let them be as strong as the Devil, I'll have a Tryal, since you are willing. Prithee, pull them out, that I may have a Taste of a Chair-Pole, and try the Strength of my Teeth.

Chair. [*pulls both out, and stamps 'em down on the End*] There, Master they are, take your Choice.

Gut. [*handles them, and views them all over*] I think these are very strong ones, and seem bigger than the common Size.

Clear. By no Means don't try at it ; you'll either ruin your Teeth, or some Misfortune or other may happen.

Chair. Egad, Master, if you eat but good Part of one, both our Chair and Attendance shan't cost you a Farthing, for the Fun's Sake.

Gut. Will you stand by that ?

Chair. We will, and that shall clear you.

[*Guthall gives one of the Poles back ; the other he breaks in the Middle against his Knee ; eats in a Hurry, and makes the*

the Crust fly. Chairmen stand amaz'd, looking on for some Time; one of 'em catches up the other Half of the Pole, strikes Guthall c'oss the Shoulders. Chair. You great Gordle-Gutted Son for a Whore, what d'ye break my Chair-Pole for? Guthall striking at him again, You Scoundrels, Did you not give free Consent? Chairman returning the Blow, Yes, to eat it, but not to break it. Clear. What are you all mad or bewitch'd! here may be Murder committed; runs to catch up the Chair to defend himself; the other Chairman esying him, Ha, what are You there? I'll be one with you; strikes at Clear-Bottom over the Crown of the Chair, with a long Pole, it flies in Pieces; all repeating their Blows over the Chair; a long Fight, till the Poles are broke. A Harlequin leaps out of the Chair; the Chairmen run about the Stage frighten'd, crying aloud, Witchcraft! Wizards! we carried the Devil in the Chair; our Poles were bewitched; Wizards! Devils! Witchcraft! repeating it several Times; Harlequin pursues them, giving them several Blows on their Shoulders, 'till they run clear off the Stage; Guthall and Clear-Bottom laughing loud.]

Note, This may be done without a Harlequin.

Gut. Were there Chair-Poles Taylors, Cabbage, Cucumbers, Shrids, or the Devil in my Way, when in my Rage of Hunger, on All I would make my Prey.

Clear. Well said, Brother Guthall, [*claps him on the Shoulder*] and were Buts, Hogsheds, Pipes, and Barrels, turn'd into the Devil's Bowl, I would clear the Bottom, or quench my Soul.

[*Exeunt laughing.*]

SCENE changes, where a Tea-Table is set, round it Lady Head-horn, Cheshire Widow, and the Rover.

Lady Rinus. Bless me! how hot it was in the Ball-Room.

Lady Head. Had I staid two Minutes longer, I must have fainted away.

Widow. I never saw the Room so crowded before.

Rover. The Weather is very sultry to-night, Ladies.

Widow. Pray, *Rover*, when are you to show me this Captain *Phenix*; you have advanc'd elegant Things of him, and seem to intimate as if he was a proper Husband for me: You farther

say it is in his Power to make me a Jointure of Twelve Hundred a Year. I have such Confidence in your Friendship, I should not break off for small Matters in a Jointure, if I like the Man : Besides, you know I have Fortune enough for the Man I love and myself ; and at my Death can give away Fifteen Hundred a Year to whom I please.

Lady Rinus. Dear Widow, if ever you marry again, be sure to have the Marriage Jointure as extensive as possible, for there are no other solid Joys in the State : Besides, if he settles pretty largely on you, it's a certain Sign he loves you as you must him ; where there is true Love, I'm sure the Marriage Settlement can't be too large ; it will keep it warm : Besides, you Widows are more used to playing with large Sums, and can spend the Income of a large Estate better than a young giddy Maid, that was never Mistress of more than her own Pocket-Money.

Lady Head. Widow, whatever you do, be sure to have all the Jointure he can make : Twelve Hundred a Year is not a Bit too much for a Woman of your Figure, Stature and Growth ; consider you are very long in the Waste, and that will digest a great many rich Things that our Sex have Occasion for ; then you are very deep behind, and short in the Legs, so that you cannot stir out of Doors without a Coach or Chair, being not at all well made for walking ; that's chargeable : Consider what an Advantage you have in your Growth to dispense with a very large Jointure, and how chargeable keeping a large Equipage is, with suitable Hospitality. My Life for't, Twelve Hundred a Year, spent in your own Country-House, will do no Hurt, but make a great Addition to your Happiness.

Rover. Indeed, Ladies, there is a great deal of Truth in what you say ; and 'tis pity but the Widow should have a good swanking Jointure ; I'll engage she'll apply it to its proper Use.

Widow. I thank you all for your good Advice ; but if I like the Man, sure you would not have me stand for Two or Three Hundred a Year.

Lady Rinus. How ! not stand for Two or Three Hundred a Year ! why, that's the very Soul of Happiness ; Six or Seven Hundred a Year are Things in Course, and so common, that every Woman, with Five or Six Thousand Pounds, may have such a bawbling Settlement as that : But a Woman of your Fortune to talk of abating Two or Three Hundred a Year ! why you are mad. I am a Woman of a quite different Growth to you ; I'm short in the Waste, not deep in the Poop ; very long in the Limbs : I seldom go out in Coach or Chair ; and use a
good

good deal of Exercise in walking, and can do without an Equipage. I can live at less Charges than you, in all Things, being not so well grown as you to spend a large Fortune. My Husband has settled a good Seven Hundred a Year Jointure on me; yet, so squeamish as I am, I could bear the spending of another Hundred, without being fatigu'd. I would advise every body who have but small Jointures, to marry a Woman of my Shape and Growth; then they'll be assur'd of Contentment: But with a large Jointure of yours!---- this Philosophy is worth your Notice.

Lady Head. Indeed, Widow, a Lady with a small Jointure, can't go to Court, the Drawing-Rooms, the Opera's, Masquerade, Play-House, BATH, TUNBRIDGE, and EPSOM: Five or Six Hundred a Year is nothing but Confinement and bare Necessaries, compar'd to the Produce of Eight or Nine Hundred a Year; that is luscious and sweet to the Soul; It gives you a free Recourse to all Pleasures on the English Shoar.

Lady Rinus. But what Blessings you'll rival us all in, if you marry Capt. *Phenix*! The *Rover* has assur'd me, that he has a good Twelve Hundred a Year; and if he likes your Person, he's resolv'd to settle every Inch of that fine fruitful Soil on you, and that will crown your Happiness: Besides, his Name! he's the very *Phenix* of a Man in Person! His Jointure will give you extensive, unknown Pleasures; you may range wide, and try FRANCE, ITALY, the SPAWS, MONTPELIER! where may be discover'd new Tastes of Delight, that may remain forever in Obscurity with us, and all by not securing a large Jointure at first.

Lady Head. [*aside*] That's more than you know.

Lady Rinus. Oh! poor Lady *Headborn*! she was married young (having but a small Fortune) contrary to her own Will, in the pure State of Innocence, not having the least Notion of good Jointures or bad: Her Husband is a little round-belly'd Baronet, and hath settl'd but a bare Four Hundred and a Half *per Annum*. Her Life is become dull and insipid, and has no real Taste of Pleasure, unless it be in coming to *Aix-la-Chapell* once a Year. Then we share in Season-time the sweet Life of Sense with our Neighbours, and think it no Crime if the Joys of Bliss are indulg'd in Time.

Lady Head. I'm unfortunate in Marriage, 'tis true; the Chains are not so strong, but I'll make it out some other Way.

Widow. I'm convinc'd that all you say is right; and from this Time am resolv'd, from the Man I marry to take all the Jointure

ure he can make : If it be more than Twelve Hundred a Year, it must be an Error on the safest Side : A good Jointure can never hurt a Widow : I'll warrant you I'll bear the spending it, and not extravagantly ; it may be better for the Children that survive us.

Rover. I like your Courage, and will send for the Captain this Minute, he's but in the Ball-Room : I'll warrant you he'll match your Wishes : He's a jolly Fellow, and you are a courag'd Woman ; 'tis pity but you should come together.---- Who waits there ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. What would your Honour be pleas'd to have ?

Rover. Go into the Ball-Room, with my Service to Captain *Phenix* ; tell him his Company is desir'd here, to drink a Dish of Tea.

Serv. Sir, it shall be done.

[*Exit.*

Rover. Now, Widow, settle your Countenance, and look as amorous as you can ; it will not be long before the Captain is acquainted with you, I'll engage for him.

Widow. But you send for him in such a Hurry, it sets me all over in a Confusion ; my Face will look the Colour of Cham-paine ; I shan't know how to speak to him.

Rover. I'll warrant you.

Enter Captain Phenix ; they all rise, and advance towards the
AUDIENCE:

Capt. I am yours, Ladies, to the last Spring of Life.

Rover. Captain, your Servant ; are you not pretty warm ?

Capt. I'm quite dissolving with Heat.

Lady Rinus. 'Tis a Pity but you should dissolve where there is more Retirement than in that Publick Ball-Room.

Capt. I love Dancing ; but this Minute bring me a large Glass of Water, or I shall certainly expire, betwixt a Flame of Love and Heat of Fire.

Widow. Not for a Thousand Pound you should drink a Glass of Water, without mingling it with Wine, for fear your Burning Fever should be chill'd into a shivering Ague ; then your fiery Love may be turn'd to cold Disdain.

[*Captain drinks a Glass of Wine and Water.*

Capt. Madam, that Expression from you is sufficient to warm the Dead, and cause a second Circulation through every Vein,

or

or to compose the Fury of outrageous Madness in the Brain.

Widow. If you deserve the Character the *Rover* has given you, the Universe is too small a Reward for such unparallel'd Merit and Virtue.

Capt. Madam, Women of the First-Rate-Sense are free as Air in their Sentiments, and whether it be fictitious or real, for your generous Freedom in speaking, that could I command the Four Quarters of the World, the Four Elements, the First, Second and Third Degree of Happiness, I should think it too little for you on Earth.

Widow. Captain, every Blast of Wind that is blown from your Throat, warbles out soft Musick, with thrilling Harmony to my rous'd Soul.

Capt. Madam, as the Heavens are rul'd by Deity, so the Sun rules the Planets of the Skies, and *Proserpine* the Regions below, but to You I wish the Power of being Chief Ruler over all the Sons of Men, and myself to rule over the Sons of you.

Widow. Sir, your Speeches and Person are alike, and if they are as sincere as elegant, you certainly are more than the common Race of Man; then I could wish you the sole Possessor of all Power of this Administration.

Rover. Egad, Captain, the Widow will be too many for you on this airy Subject of Rallery; you had better leave off when well, and come to a more solid Way of Speaking.

Widow. The Captain, I suppose, loves to discover his Eloquence, to divert himself; and I love to return Answers, to divert the Company.

Lady Rinus. You handle your Parts well.

Lady Head. I could wish they would both go on till I bid them stop.

Widow. Captain, pray how do you like the Humours of this Place.

Capt. Like it! sure *Aix-la-Chapell* is Paradise regain'd, in our Country lost ever since I knew it; and by the numerous Appearance of Terrestrial Angels, could believe myself Immortal. Certainly the Wit and Beauty here must have descended from a Supernatural Power; it never could have been rais'd on Earth from that Lumpish Seed of ADAM: The Heavenly Scene of *Aix-la-Chapell* is sufficient to convince all your Atheistical Absurdities: My Faith is strengthened since I came here, which was very feeble before.

Widow. Sir, I like the Place as you do, and every Diversion in it, except your studied Wit in Plays, your young formal Tom-zonians,

zonians, and your Thick-headed Historians; they talk all by Rule, as School-Boys repeat Verses: By them we can never be entertain'd with a Spark of new Wit, 'till it becomes so common that the Book-sellers will lend it out for a Crown a Quarter. Give me Wit at the First-Hand, that flows from the Fountain-Head, as it does from the Head of the Captain, that will chase away the Vapours, and repel the Spleen.

Lady Head. In our Country we were plagu'd with two or three pedantick Parsons, that always for Wit, impos'd on us Scraps of Plays, Bits of History, Love-Poems, and the like; without the least Action, that would have preach'd us all into the Vapours, and our Husbands into the Hyp: We soon found out their sappy Heads, and made them leave the House, by hunting the Whistle, blackning their Faces, and other Christmas Gambols, invented on Purpose. This took Wind, and now our young Gentlemen converse very polite, independing of Crutches to lean on, or Books to Guide them in the old Track; so that the Country, by this Discovery, are become as polite as the Town.

Lady Rinus. I never had Patience to hear such Block-heads tell me a Story out of a Book that I could hire for Three Pence, and read it with more Perfection, and at such Hours, that are fit for nothing else but to be thrown away in reading of Wit bought at Second-hand. Give me dear Extempore, like the Rovers, Captains, and Widows, which fire the Mind with fresh Ideas.

Lady Head. Do you know what a-Clock it is, Ladies; will you think of going?

Lady Rinus. by all Means, Waiter, call my Servant, and bid him order three Chairs to the Door

Serv. Ladies, they are all ready.

Widow. Gentlemen, good Night to you both, with hopes of meeting again when Mountains must stay assunder.

[*Exeunt Women.*

Rover and Capt. Ladies, your Servant.

Rover. Captain, how d'ye like the Widow?

Capt. Like her! sure she's a matchless Wonder; her Fellow was never before, nor nothing can exceed that comes after her.

Rover. You'll be a better Match for her lovely Charms, than you are for her surprizing ready Wit.

Capt. I hope so, or she'll be poorly off with my notwithstanding Jointure of Twelve Hundred a Year, that must tickle her Fancy.

Rover. And I hope it will to a good Tune, or you and I shall
be

be sadly off; for I am damnable feedy; and yours lies in your Jointure.

Capt. I will stick close to her, and don't much fear Conquest; as she has the First-Rate Sense, her Ideas will give a double Taste of Bliss; then every Spark that flies from my Eyes must kindle a Flame in her Soul, that I hope will never be extinguish'd, 'till we come to close grasping: and then, ye Gods! I could grasp her like the last Grasp of a dying Man.

Rover. This Conversation has given you a true Light into the affable Freedom of the First-Rank: Your Second-hand Gentry are more timorous by half than Ladies of Wit and Fortune: 'Tis a Slavery to keep all such Company.

Capt. Your Observations are very just.

Rover. Was I to acquaint thee what Scenes have past in those Rooms going down into the Garden! Myself was the Architect when building: I called them my Virtue-Traps, and built for no other Use but to betray it.

Capt. They seem to be admirably contriv'd for that Purpose.

Rover. Oh! when a Lady is reeking hot with dancing, wait her unguarded Minute! then hand her down Stairs to an elevating Draught, prepar'd for that Purpose; and when faint and dry, the Blood is hot, and Love runs high. Oh! that I could but be Young again! but that is hoping quite in vain. Why even at Noon-Day they answer the same Design; for you are always coming or going into the Garden: When in the Centre of the Stair-Case, it's only casting your Eye up and down, to see the Head and Foot clear, you are both in Cover in the Twinkling of an Eye.

Capt. Rover, your Name ought to be recorded for that noble Projection.

Rover. There is a large Lodging-House adjoining to the Chapel, as well contriv'd as *Thrifty's* for that Purpose; where you run out of one Burrow into another, in as much Obscurity as the Buck-Rabbits in a Warren after the Does; there I would have you take a Room, and board, for Boarding gives you an Opportunity of a further Acquaintance with the Ladies to practice your Designs: Lady *Headborn* and *Rinus* are both Lodgers there on that Account.

Capt. I certainly will take your Advice.

Rover. When I first came to this Town I brought but Three Guineas, a Moidore, and Ten Shillings: *Thrifty* brought not so much. I have spent ever since above Fifteen-Hundred a Year.

Pray, how do you think it could be done, without all the Stratagem Art could invent?

Capt. 'Tis certainly right. Yours. I must after the Widow, for Plunder will be damnably wanted e're 'tis long. [Ex.]

[*Rover listens to the Noise of Bells; and knocks.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Did your Honour call?

Rover. Go and enquire what the Bells ring for; and know who is come to Town.

Serv. Sir, they say 'tis Sir *Humphry Harebrain*, of *Giddy-Hall*.

Rover. Ha, Sir *Humphry Harebrain*! pray Heaven it be true. Go see again, and be certain.

Serv. 'Tis certainly true, Sir; he will be at the Rooms within this Hour.

Rover. Now will the Town be crowded, e're 'tis long, with Lyons, Wolves, Tygers, Vultures, Ravens and Eagles; with Sharpers, Cut-Throats and Pyrates, of every Kind. Here will be Monsters of Prey in Human Shapes; the Lyons couching, the Eagles hovering, and that God-like Creature, Man, like Dogs, a-fetting of this Sir *Humphry Easy*, for the Sake of his Money. There is nothing can escape their damn'd Principles, but Virtue and Honour. I have but one large Bet more, depending upon this poor Sir *Humphry*; I hear he has lost it, and I sadly want it. If he plays, as I expect he won't, farewell to all these curs'd Crew of Gamesters, and this villanous Course of Life. Sure, that great Planet, call'd the Chief Ruler of the Skies, guided him here to my immediate Assistance. How shall I discharge that Obligation due to Divine Providence, for all its miraculous Cares? If Sir *Humphry* pays this last Stake, I certainly will subscribe Five Hundred of it towards the Building of an Hospital: The rest I'll gather of the Gentry. I being the largest Subscriber, the Town, in Gratitude, can do no less than erect my Statue in Brass, with a large Inscription of my Name in Gold: Then who can shine in future Ages like King *BLADUD* and the *ROVER*!

Enter Three Sharpers, Booted, in Riding-Dresses, that follow Sir Humphry to all Publick Places.

Lump-Stakes. Rover, Your most humble Servant.

Brief-Cut. What, is here much Company in Town?

Cogg-Dye. Have you had a pretty deal of Play this Season?

Rover.

Rover. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Aix-la-Chapell*. What, is *Sir Humphry* come?

Lump. You may be sure of it, or we had not been here.

Rover. I hope he's well.

Cogg. Very well.

Rover. We have a pretty deal of Company, but good for nothing; their Money's so dear to 'em, they'll play but for Trifles.

Brief. I'm sorry for't.

Rover. *Sir Humphry* is worth all that's here: We shall have some Play now he's come.

Cogg. We always lose our Money to him at these damn'd Publick Places, where there's nothing play'd for but upon the Square.

Rover. He is always very lucky in Publick.

Lump. There is not a Gamester of them all that ever got a Shilling by playing upon the Square.

Cogg. 'Tis Private Play wins all the Money in the World.

Rover. Formerly, when *Thrifty's* House was first built, and Play not half so much known, a Pair of Doctors well loaded, might pass, handed by the Box-Keeper; but these damn'd Groom-Porters spoil all that Chance of winning.

Lump. 'Tis very true; *Sir Humphry* is such a giddy-brain'd Fool, that we are obliged to follow him, go where he will, to keep others off. He'll play with any body in Private; that will be cheating of us; for all that ever he can get, we are assur'd of: Had not this been the Case, the Devil might have follow'd him to *Aix-la-Chapell*, for us.

Rover. Now we are together, and nobody hears us, pray tell me how you manage him in LONDON.

Brief. That you shall know, *Rover*, if you'll give your Honour it shall go no farther.

Rover. It shall not, upon the Honour of a Gamester.

Brief. *Cogg-Dye* sets his House every Day, by waiting at a Coffee-Room in Sight of his Door: He shews him a Bill of Fare, and invites him to Dinner: *Lump-Stakes* goes to Market, and buys every Variety the Season of the Year will produce. I make an Enquiry after the best French Wine. We spare no Expence in any Thing that will please him. We have given a Guinea for a Pint of Pease; four Guineas for a Turbit, &c. but have made *Sir Humphry* very often pay Five Thousand Pound for the Sauce.

Rover. Ha, ha, ha; these are admirable Schemes; sure you must be very rich.

Brief. We have done pretty well with his Ready Specie: The least of us in Riches, is *Cogg-Dye*; he's worth near Thirty Thousand Pound. But we sadly want some of his Terra-Firma.

Rover. How do you manage him after he has din'd?

Brief. O, we have a pretty many Ways to make him swallow the Bait. Soon after the Table is clear'd, he'll propose Play; and to get his Money, we Lump him, we Load him, Secure upon him, Top him, Clip him, Pole him, Side him, and Scoop him: If all this don't do, *Cogg-Dye*, alias, *Dare-Devil*, will Purse-String or Kequor him, at half a Word's speaking.

Rov. Sir *Humphry* stands as good a Chance as a Cat in Hell without Claws, when you get him.

Cogg-Dye. The very same. What should Madmen do with Money? Besides, he has more than his Share.

Rover. Pray unriddle to me the Terms of Art you us'd to get his Money by: First, tell me the Meaning of Lumping of him, and so on.

Cogg-Dye. If you are a Stranger to such Secrets, you're not fit to play for a Guinea in Private. To Lump him, you must keep Fifteen or Twenty Guineas in the Palm of your Hand; when a Stake is won, clap your whole Hand over the Guineas you set, and count the Lump with them; that will make the Fifty set near Seventy, without causing the least Suspicion. To Load him, I never go without Forty Pair of Doctors, well pois'd with Lead: We change the Dice at Play as often as we please, invisible to him. To Secure him, we put but one Dye in the Box, and keep the other in the Finger. To Side him, we keep Sir *Humphry* always at our Left-Hand, and throw a Drawing Stroke with the Right, holding one Dye at the Out-side of the Box, to turn up what is wanting for Main or Chance. To Top him, we keep one Dye on the Edge of the Box, and throw skimming a-cross the Table, with your Hand turn'd down; if you are suspected, give the Box a Shake, and the Dice will drop together. To Scoop him, we have Dice made on Purpose, far from the Mathematical Square, to our Advantage. At Cards, when we Clip him, they are ready cut for our Purpose; so by the Brief-Card we turn up to our Advantage every Deal. To Pole him, we play all Three against him. To Purse-String him, we cut off his Pocket. And to Kequor him, we must cut his Throat.

Brief. And if a Gamester scruples any of these Advantages, he's not fit to be trusted with Fifty Pound, and will die a Beggar; for Picking of Pockets, Cutting of Throats, and Ruining
of

of Families, are much the same: Besides, Robbery and Murder generally go together.

Rover. Ha, ha, ha; all this is very true. Gentlemen, pardon me for telling you that this is the Old Way of Sharping, and become so common, that 'tis known almost by every young Sharper that can get his Bread. If you'll be upon Honour, not to divulge the Secret, as I am bound to you, I'll put you in a Method to sharp the Sharper, and even the Devil, if he be no more a Sharper than a common Gamester. O Sir *Humphry*!

All speak. All our Honours are concern'd in Secretfy.

Rover. Why, the new Way is to Stone him, Six him, Twelve him, Chain him, Spring him, Sole-peep him: If all this don't do, I'll Butter him; and not cut his Throat.

Corr. Pray unriddle to us these Terms of Art you use to get his Money by.

Rover. To Stone him in Publick, I always take Care to have a Piece of Iron screw'd thro' the Table where I set, touch'd with the North-Pole of a Load-Stone; the Dice in my Hat are serv'd the same, by a thin Bit of Iron under the Spots: The Load-Stone I keep on my Knee betwixt the Lining of my Breeches, to touch the Iron under the Table; when you throw the Dice out they run fair, and can never be detected; when you stamp 'em against the Load-Stone, you are sure to nick it every Time, the Attraction is so quick to the Stone. To Six him, Twelve and Chain him, my Dice are made to run Six and Twelve every Way, when chain'd together by an invifible Hair; be bold, and throw at the whole Table; stamp your Dice, you'll nick every one: But this must not be done often; and be artful in changing your Dice at Play. To Spring him, and Sole-peep him, you must have a Box made on Purpose, with a Spring, to move with a Touch, and opposite to the Peep-Hole; in the In-side of the Box there must be a little Bit of Looking-Glass glew'd into the Wood; so that by a Touch of the Finger, you may look into the Hollow of the Box, and by the Reflection of the Glass, you read the Destiny of his dubious Soul. To Butter him, I always double the Bet upon Honour; and am assured, that we that have nothing to lose, can never pay, till the Dice befriend us with their own Coin: I owe a Thousand that Way now.

Brief. *Rover.* Your Methods are admirable, and ours answer the End as well. *Lump-Stakes* has lately taken Possession of a brave Cock-Phefant's Nest, by our Way of Sharping, altho' you say it's old-fashion.

Rover.

Rover. I had that Woodcock's Nest myself once, but I generously gave it to him again, upon Consideration of an Annual Allowance under the Rose: I thought it would make a Noise in the World, had I kept it; that would have been of worse Consequence to me.

Lump. I always thought your Judgment was admirable in all Things: But *Cogg-Dye* has brought down Rules for this Place:

RULES, By General Consent Determin'd.

- I. That all Visits (but One at Coming, the Other at going) are look'd upon as Impertinent, except those that are paid by the Rover.
 - II. That all Caps and Night-Gowns, that appear before the Ladies, are look'd on as Robes of Indecency, it being the first Dress after a thorough Cleansing by a Spitting-Bout.
 - III. That no useless Cupid of the High-Goust dance with Ladies, since in *Ano* there grow Distempers of Severity.
 - IV. That no Old Men or Women, turn'd of Sixty, are to be concern'd in any Publick Diversions whatsoever, to prevent putting young Folks in Mind of Mortality.
 - V. That no Swords be worn in Publick Places, for Fear He that gives the most Affronts should scruple the Drawing of it.
 - VI. That all Tickets pass at the Ball, whether Given or Receiv'd by Scrubs.
 - VII. That no Harlots or lewd Women appear at Publick Balls, since Old Age has render'd some Persons incapable of the Use of them.
 - VIII. That no Coach and Six appear without a Coat of Arms, to prevent Quarrels on the Road with the Stage-Coachmen about the Way; unless there be none belonging to the Family.
 - IX. That all People who take upon them to give malicious Characters of Tradesmen, ought to be kick'd out of Town.
 - X. That all Tradesmens Wives and Daughters that have Tickets, may appear at the Ball, without giving Offence to the New-Made and Upstart Gentry.
- Lastly. If these Articles are not comply'd with, whoever makes Rules, unless a Gentleman born, no other Person is oblig'd to stand to 'em.

Sic Subscribitur,

C. G.

Rover. Mr. *Cogg-Dye* was ever witty upon me on all Occasions, altho' I never deserv'd it.

Brief.

Brief. Don't be offended; we all laugh'd on the Road at your setting of Rules; when you know, that each of us have broke all the Rules of Honour: And had we kept to the Square, neither of us would be worth a Groat.

Rover. 'Tis very true; and I take it as a Banter.— But I have observ'd that this Town is always furnish'd with a Set of People fitted for the Three Universities: Those that keep the Pharo-Banks in Defiance of the Law, are liable to be sent to Newgate; and those that Punt, knowing the Odds are so much against them, ought to be sent to Bridewell, and lash'd; and those that lose their Estates in Private Play, are fit to be sent to Bedlam for Bleeding and Shaving: Besides, here are a great many young Fellows that come to this Town, might marry good Fortunes, to my Knowledge; but soon after the Ladies have heard they have been to the Pharo-Banks, they become contemptible in their Thoughts; and have heard 'em say, Young Blockheads, they'll soon lose their Estates; there's none of my Fortune shall go to be thrown away to them lurking Pirates that prey for every Bit they eat, upon Money got in Rebellion by Rebels that act contrary to the Laws of this Kingdom.

Lump. You say right; and you may read Danger in his Lion Face as they sit behind the Table watching for Lambs. Women will have nothing to do with such Pappy-Brains, that play where there can be no Chance of Winning from Monsters by Profession, without Remorse; at Hazard a Man may now and then carry home a Hundred.

Rover. Gentlemen all, I beg you'll be heedful to what I'm going to say, 'tis a Favour I shall ask, being driven to my last Shift; if it's not granted, I must be forc'd to build a Long-Room, in Opposition to the Others, for a supply to my Wants in Old Age; and being unwilling to discover my Necessities, have given out 'tis in Resentment to an Affront which I pretended to have received from them.

Brief. Pronounce your Request, we'll serve you, if we can.

Rover. You must know, some Years ago, when more in Prosperity than I am now, this Sir *Humpbry* I ty'd up.

Cogg. Zounds! what ty'd him up! that's as bad as Kequoring of him, I never hang'd a Man yet; that Dog's Death is ten Times worse than cutting his Throat; thou art fit to be one of us.

Rover. Hold, Mr. *Cogg Dye.*, you stop the Alarm before it has done Striking; I mean, ty'd him up from Play; once he had like to have forfeited; but Money in those Days were no more

to me than Dust, and myself was the Occasion of preventing him, believing it would recommend my Principles of Honour to other People of Distinction: Policy was the chief End of my Folly.

Lump. Unpardonable Folly! indeed you ought never to have it.

Rover. I hear he has lost it since at a Sporting-Place a good Distance from L O N D O N, and perhaps, your selves might be Witnessees to the Truth of it.

Cogg. 'Tis certainly so, and our selves Stuck him at the same Time; the Wound was so deep, it shook his very Soul, Soon after I heard Sir *Humphry* speak it myself, with a Design of Paying of it to you, as I understood.

Rover. Oh! Mr. *Cogg-Dye*, that last Note of yours is sweeter to my Ear than the last Trumpet Sound to my Eternal Hopes; it has given a Resurrection to my Dying Spirit: I expect him here every Minute, and must beg your Assistance to bring it to his Remembrance; then prevail with him to discharge all Debts of Honour: As to his Trading-Debts, let them be damn'd, they are bred humble, and can live low. We have the first Notions, and must indulge in the highest Taste of Life.

Brief. You say very right; I'll warrant you Sir *Humphry* will pay it; he takes as much Pleasure in paying his Debts of Honour as we do in winning them.

Rover. Pray Heavens it be true; your Words have transcended my Hopes to the highest Degree of Happiness.

Cogg. We'll all forward him as much as in our Power lies, upon Condition, that this is the last Stake you'll ever make with him; for Robbing him, is Picking our Pockets.

Rover. Upon my secret Honour, it shall be the very last, if he pays this.—hold, no more; here comes Sir *Humphry*.

Enter Sir Humphry in a Sporting-Frock

Sir Hum. Gentlemen, your Servant. *Rover*, I with Pleasure see you in so good a State of Health. What the Devil, is here no Play to-Night?

Rover. Sir *Humphry*, from my Soul I give you welcome to *Aix-la-Chapell*; and may nothing but Success attend your Play, during the whole Time of your Stay.

Sir Hum. *Rover*, I thank thee. Who a plague is here? what, *Cogg-Dye*! *Brief-Cut*! and *Lump-Stakes*! how in the Name of Hell came you here before me? I left you in Town, and what brought you this way?

Cogg.

Cogg. Oh! Sir *Humphry*, Life's but a Dream to be where you are not; to be where you are 'tis Pleasure unknown. You know that Dice is my Kingdom, and the Box is my Throne.

Sir Hum. Why *Cogg-Dye*, thou art as sharp as an Easterly Wind; one would think thou hadst won a Thousand to Night, by thy Share of Spirits.

Brief. *Sir Humphry*, *Cogg-Dye* is always merry win or lose, I'll say that for him; and we should die, were it not for his ready Wit.

Sir Hum. Well, *Lump-Stakes*, how must we divert the Time now we are met; what must we play one against another, according to Custom?

Lump. Faith I'm afraid so, *Sir Humphry*, for here is no body will play deep enough to keep us awak'd.

Cogg. *Sir Humphry*, pray pardon me for what I am going to say; but don't you remmember that at such a Time and Place you were saying that you had lost a considerable Bet to the Rover of *Aix-la-Chapell*, which has been a long Time depending.

Sir Hum. I very well remember that he prevented my losing of it once, that I told you, and should be ungrateful not to pay it the second Time of losing it; but the Rover owes me a Debt of Honour of a Thousand.

Rover. *Sir Humphry*, 'Tis very true.

Sir Hum. Gentlemen, I desire that you'll all come and Dine with me To-morrow, then I'll certainly pay the Rover the Overplus of his Due, some in Bills and Money; the rest I will order Annually, as he shall want it; I suppose 'tis the same Thing.

Rover. The very same Thing, *Sir Humphry*; I return you my hearty Thanks, and will be sure to wait on you.

Sir Hum. Gentlemen, your Servant till that Time.

[Exit.

They all bow. *Sir Humphry*, be assur'd we will not fail.

Cogg. *Rover*, I told you he would pay you the first Word: He has paid us many a Thousand, and never scrupled once: Besides, he's the best Pay-Master to Trades-People in the World: There's not a Man of more strict Honour nor better Sense, take him from Gaming: 'Tis a Pity he should ever die.

Rover. Mr. *Cogg-Dye*, his Fellow was never born; my Life, and this Share of unexpected Fortune, is chiefly owing to *Sir Humphry*, and you three Gentlemen: I know not how to make you amends, but by a sincere Acknowledgment of the same.

Cogg. You'll soon make us amends; we know you are an excellent Pander, and we are all vigorous and young: You must bring

bring us acquainted with all the Ladies that come to these Waters for the Benefit of Procreation; and we'll make ourselves amends.

Rover. Gentlemen, you may be assured I'll do that, and more.

Gamesters all speak. *Rover,* we shall be glad to serve you at any Time. Be sure to mind Sir *Humphry's* Appointment.

[*Exeunt.*

Rover. Rejoice all ye Bawds, Pimps, Whores, and Bastards; laugh all ye Pocky-Doctors, Apothecaries, Surgeons, and Nurses; halloo all ye Box-Keepers, Pharo-Banks, Billiard-Markers, Fiddlers and Players; whistle all ye Coachmen, Grooms, Postillions, and Footmen; whicker all ye Coach-Horses, Saddle-Horses, Pads, and Hunters; howl all ye Dogs, Turn-Spits, Pointers, and Greyhounds; and with loud Eccho's, Long live Sir *Humphry Harebrain!*

For he has brought to your Rover Riches gallore;

Let all such Honour Riches have in Store:

Were Heaven Sir Humphry's, I could wish him more.

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A C T IV.

Enter Lady Headhorn and the Widow.

Lady HEADHORN.



O, Madam, the Sight of you is a great Rarity, as Snow in Summer, since you have been acquainted with the Captain.

Widow. Hang the Captain; he's grown so troublesome within this Fortnight, there's no stirring but he's always at my Heels; and Ten to One but he'll be here within these Ten Minutes.

Lady Head. Yes, I say hang him, too: I suppose that will be the End of it: Then he'll be always somewhere else. *Lady Rinus* is a little uneasy, and thinks you don't play the Game fair, by ingrossing more than your Share of him.

Widow. I wish *Lady Rinus* may play the Game fair by her Husband, and not ingross any of Him. Heaven has made me
a Free

a Free Woman; and the Will of Nature has shook my Chains to the Dust from whence they came.

Lady Head. We could both wish Heaven would be as kind to us. But you talk quite the Reverse to what you did when we were first acquainted; and before you had any Knowledge of the Captain, have often heard you say, that all Wives might take a little more Liberty at these Publick Places, and not injure their Husbands neither.

Widow. Time strengthens all Ideas: Then the Scene of irregular Vanities grows insipid. I think one Husband is sufficient for one Woman: Besides, *Lady Rinus* has spoke very unhand-somely of the Captain; which I shall let him know.

Lady Head. Ha, ha, ha; by this, Widow, I can see which Way your Heart is bending; many Joys attend you with the Captain. But she'll be plaguily bit in his Jointure of Twelve Hundred a Year, to my certain Knowledge. [*aside.*]

Enter Captain Phenix.

Capt. Ladies, your Servant: Life's a Burden to me; and I am become restless on every Spot of Earth I tread.

Lady Head. I see there's no keeping them apart; so I'll leave them. [*Exit.*]

Widow. Captain, pray, what's your Disorder; you seem'd well an Hour ago.

Capt. Oh! faint and dry, by a Fever on the Spirits, kindled by your Eyes.

Widow. I'll give you a Cordial shall set you to-rights soon.

Capt. From that dear Hand 'twill be welcome to my Soul; you can never bestow it where 'tis more deserving. If there has been a Thought from me misemploy'd in consulting your Happiness, from our first Acquaintance, I wish it could be engrav'd in the Canopy of the highest Skies, that it might be discover'd at as great a Distance as the Seven-Stars; then the World would judge if I were a Deceiver, that you have so often accus'd me with. I have paid a few formal Visits to *Lady Headborn* and *Rinus*; but no farther.

Widow. You must know, that *Lady Rinus* has been with me, and let me into the Secret of your Jointure.

Capt. Heavens forbid! ruin'd and undone! I fear, a fine Cordial, indeed! [*aside.*]

Widow. She farther says, she knows a Person that has measur'd every Inch of your Estate, and it is but bare Six Hundred Acres of fertile Ground: There's but very little Pasture in your

Country, that lets for above Twenty Shillings an Acre; so that you can settle but bare Six Hundred a Year upon me; and that Your Country Jointures are not half so good as our English; she has known both. She farther says, her Husband has settled a Hundred Pound a Year more than it is in your Power to settle upon me: And that the World has been mistaken, by a notorious Report for Years past, if a Man has a pretty large Tract of Your Country Land, it has not half the Produce that a small Estate has in ENGLAND; by Reason the Ground is boggy, lobby, and swampy; and one Half of the Country is over-run, occasion'd by Laziness, with long rank Weeds, corrupt in the very Bowels of Mother Nature by Instinct. She says, a Jointure of Five Hundred a Year, English, will produce more Fruit, or Seed, than a Thousand of Your Country; and that where there is One large Jointure in Your Country, there are Ten in ENGLAND, to her certain Knowledge: And to convince you she knows your Estate, she says, at one End of it there rises a Spring, just behind two little Hills, and a Water-Course runs all along the Middle of the Settlement you are to make, from one End to the other.

Capt. [aside] I know not whether I'm blown or not: I'll humour the Story a little. Lady *Rinus* is a whimsical Woman; perhaps, did it to banter the Widow. Indeed, what Lady *Rinus* says is very true, in Regard to the Situation of the Estate and the Water-Course that runs thro' the Middle of it; it always went at Twelve Hundred a Year in my Father's Lifetime; I thought it might be the same still. But, Madam, I'm making of an Agreement for a Fountain, that will be fix'd at the End of my Stream: The Situation of the Fountain is betwixt two Mountains, and just under a large Hill, with a Basen on the Top, as the Water-Course is to run into, the very Middle of the Cistern, that will occasion it to overflow, and cascade all down the fine white Marble Pillars and Treffes to the very Ground, beautiful to behold in Sun-shiny Weather: And on each Side the Fountain, there are two Risings; and on each Hill there grow thick Woods; betwixt them both, there is a large Cut, on Purpose for a Cock-Road; so that by Nets, Springs, and Tramels, I shall be able to furnish my Country-House with all Sorts of Game: At the Backside of these Mountains there are Cavities, between that both Wind and Water have Power over them; this is a true Representation of Thunder and Rain in Miniature, delightfully entertaining in sultry Weather.

Widow. I never heard of so charming a Description of Water-works

works before : I long to see it. But is not the Wind troublesome ?

Capt. Sometimes the Southerly Winds occasion thick Fogs ; they are a little unpleasant ; it soon evaporates, the Situation is so good.

Widow. Well, Captain, I'll now be frank with you, if all you have said is Matter of Fact, in Regard to your Settlement.

Capt. Madam, 'tis as true as that the glorious Sun is a fix'd Body, and the Earth revolves.

Widow. You well know I have had but little Rest for you ever since our first Acquaintance ; and that you have said and swore every Thing that Thought could invent, that your Designs were honourable. You know, my Fortune will command almost any body ; it chiefly consists in good Terra Firma ; that is better than Money. Had I not some Regard for you, I should not have given you so much of my Company. What makes me come to a shorter Resolution, is occasion'd by Lady *Rinus* and *Headborn* ; they are ready to burst with Envy. Now, Captain, I have been so free in opening part of my Mind, how shall I be certain of your Sincerity : Pray, be candid ; there shall be no Repentance of your Acquaintance with me : Here is a Ring [*gives him a Ring*] as a Token of my Sincerity.

Capt. Oh ! my Soul is eclips'd with Joys so great, I'm struck dumb for want of Utterance. But I swear that the sultry Sun that scorches like a Burning Fever, shall be chill'd with Cold ; the watery Moon that chills like a shivering Ague, shall melt with Heat ; the glimmering Stars shall lose their glittering Lustre, and the Seven shall separate ; the restless Clouds that are driven to and fro in that vast Scope by the forcible Winds, at length may become solid, and rest where the Earth is ; the ponderous Earth shall be remov'd by the Whirlwinds, then rent near the Skies ; the raging Sea that tosses up the Foam above the Surface after each others Surges, may become calm ; the grave Saints shall turn Libertines ; the roving Libertines become Saints ; the Lamps of Lightning shall shine where Hell is ; and that dreadful Gloom may be exchang'd ; in short, the whole Crasis of Nature shall be inverted : All this is not impossible to the Deity : But I bring that Mind with me to you, that neither Time nor Place, He nor She, Fate nor Misery, all that I have pronounc'd, may, or shall happen, before I'll be Corrupt, or Change one Spark.

Widow. Well, Captain, upon these solemn Imprecations, I dare presume the Liberty, to give you a sincere Sketch of my Thoughts.

Capt.

Capt. Madam, pray be free and sincere, with a Heart like mine; I'll be attentive and as silent as Midnight.

Widow. This I assure you of, that the Dark Angels below kindle less Fire than the Bright Ones above; and You have kindled more Fire in me than *Proserpine* is Queen of, or *Nep-tune* can extinguish with all his Ocean; were I in the Midst of his Element, beneath the Deep, and under the very Teeth of his Trident, did he not let me rise above the Surface, the Sea would be all in a Blaze; and if the big, black, assisting Clouds, were to pour down Rain enough to quench one Spark, they would be liable to share the same Fate; that Blaze would be almost high enough to endanger the Skies; then the World would be burnt before the Resurrection: But your seeming Constancy has quench'd all those Extremes of Fire.

Capt. Madam, I have six Words more to say to you, in Return to this generous Confession, then I'm Yours for ever: If ever I lov'd any since I saw You, may I instantly receive this fatal Stroke from Heaven, I wish, to be struck through all the Cliffs, Mines, and Ores; nay farther, through all the wonderful Works of Solid Nature, and after, drop into the Centre of Legions of hungry unchain'd Furies; there let them tear my Body into as many Atoms as there are falling Meteors from the Sky; and this I wish to my ready wing'd, sensible, and everlasting Part, that it may be hurried round that dreadful eternal Cavern, then become restless, and receive no other Light or Comfort, but from that wan, sulphureous, nauseous Dim, Brimstone; there may the Wings never scorch, the Effence never burn, and, if possible, be tormented longer than Eternity.

Widow. Well, now I'm convinc'd, that nothing can separate us but the Will of Fate.

Capt. Nothing shall.

*Could Time be doubled, and no future State,
Where Virtue's wanted, wretched is the Fate.
No earthly Joys approach to heavenly Bliss,
Unless my Widow in th' extatick Kiss.*

[*Exeunt*, with his Arm round her Waste.

Enter Dry-Skin, Sherley, and Thin-Blood.

Dry. Life's become a Misery to me now. Oh! that Time could be brib'd to stay, wou'd I freely part with one Half of my Riches. Old Age is crept upon me, and I cannot live long by Course of Years: I must think of settling my worldly Affairs.

Sher.

Sher. Dear Pappa, this melancholy Subject will raise the Serum to my Eyes, then they'll gush out with Affliction.

Dry. Child, could thy youthful Eyes weep enough to water the Old Plant which you budded from, and make the Branches spring with new Life, it wou'd not be in vain.

Sher. Sir, cou'd that be done, they shou'd never be dry more, I wou'd wish them to overflow with a perpetual Spring.

Dry. I thank thee, Child: But One Life in Sixty Thousand Pound; that's rather too little; and no Chance of Renewing, is something hard of my Landlord. What a vain Shadow is Man! I have spent all my youthful Days in gathering Dross; it cannot be taken from me, 'tis true; but I must be taken from it, which is just the same. Past Time has bestow'd no Pleasure to me, unless it were in denying myself all Necessaries that human Nature requires; in gathering all superfluous Vanities, have neglected the Services due to my poor Soul, and denied proper Food to my Body; and am burthen'd with Principles both foul and spotted, by straining the Strings of Justice too far. Oh! that I was to begin the World again! how I would reverse all the past Tract of Life; or, what would I not give, Child, to have a Conscience white, like thine.

Sher. Dear Pappa, don't repent of your Riches; if you must repent, let it be of your Sins, and the sooner you begin, the better.

Dry. Child, you say right: The first Thing I'll do, shall be to settle my worldly Affairs firm upon thee, which will be the full Sum of Three Score Thousand Pounds: Adad, a brave Fortune, a brave Fortune: Why, you may keep a Coach, Girl, as well as the best of 'em.

Sher. Sir, you say true; for which Favour I return you my hearty Thanks.

Dry. Your Guardians shall be *Thin Blood* and *Lappey*; *Lappey* is not rich, but very honest; and *Thin Blood* is all I could wish in Man. I will leave the *Rover* a Legacy, and beg the Care of Him over You: He knows Life perfectly well, and may introduce you to good Company, and, perhaps, assist you in Marriage, when I am dead and gone.

Sher. Sir, I like your Proposals much; and, if You please, I'll send for them all.

Dry. Pray do with all Speed.

[knocks.]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, d'ye call?

Dry.

Dry. Go with my Service to Neighbour *Thin-Blood*, Friend *Laphey*, and the *Rover*; I saw them at the Door this Minute; tell them I desire their Company here immediately; away with all Speed.

Serv. It shall be done.

[*Exit.*

Sher. I hope these Trustees won't have it in their Power to wrong me; for when you are dead, to whom shall I fly for Succour?

Dry. No, Child, I'll take such Care to put it out of their Reach, ever to hurt thee, whether I'm dead or living.

Enter Rover, Thin-Blood, and Laphey.

Dry. Gentlemen, your Servant; I intend to serve you all: Pray sit down, and my Business to you I'll unfold.

Rover. Sir, that we are free to do. [*all sit.*

Dry. You must know, I'm now come to a Resolution in settling all my Earthly Affairs on my Daughter, unless it be some few Legacies I shall give to you three Gentlemen, two of which I constitute Trustees to my Child: As to the *Rover* I have great Confidence in his Conduct and Honour; of him I shall beg his future Care in directing my Daughter for the best, and introduce her to good Company: He may be a Friend to her in Marriage, by wishing her to some sober Man, with a suitable Estate to her Fortune, when I'm mouldering in Dust, and am no more.

Rover. You may be assur'd of my faithful Care in all the Service I can do for Miss *Sherly*, in Regard to your Memory, and the Value I bear to the young Lady.

Thin. And as you have thought Friend *Laphey* and I deserving of so great a Trust, as to both Child and Fortune, your Confidence must inform you that we shall discharge the Principles of Honour and Justice, to the last Moments of our Lives.

Lap. Besides, Sir, the long continu'd Acquaintance betwixt us has given you certain Proofs of our Integrity.

Dry. Gentlemen, I do believe you all, for which Reason I return you my hearty Thanks, and my *Sherly* shall do the same: I shall leave her upwards of Sixty Thousand Pounds, and handsome Legacies for you, my faithful Friends.

Rover. We all make the same Return of Thanks to you, for the Favour.

Dry. But, *Rover*, I have observ'd that every Season we have two or three damn'd Fortune-Hunters come over, and have had some Trouble to keep them off my House, on Account of my Daughter; and am afraid, when I'm dead, she'll be plagu'd with them Devils. O my Conscience, were she to be married to one of them, I should not rest in my Grave.

Rov.

Rover. Oh! Sir, they are known to be such Monsters of Men, the Ladies make a Jest of 'em, and will never have Success here: I think there is one of them in Town now, but he's going to be married to a Lustful Widow, that's in a Fever for a Husband: He's an over-grown Fellow, and, I suppose, she thinks his Jointure proportionable.

Dry. There's the Devil on't; I scarce know how to die in Peace about them. *Rover,* I hope you'll be such a Friend to my Child, and the Memory of me, that you never will introduce one of those Villains into her Company; and take what Care you can to prevent her ever going where they are; you know them all; which she, poor Girl, is quite a Stranger to 'em.

Rover. Mr. *Dry-Skin*, I now swear before you all, and by all the Powers of Goodness above the Skies, and all the Power of Wickedness beneath the Surface of the Earth, that I would not do such a base Action by a young Lady that's Friendless, to be the sole Possessor of a Kingdom. What! to massacre her Innocence to one of those Human Devils, that have no Remorse! forbid it, Nature; and on the contrary, if she don't marry in your Lifetime, I do assure you, I will make it my Study to forward a Match of suitable Distinction, in Virtue, Honour, and Riches to your Daughter.

Sherley. Sir, from this generous Declaration, I shall put great Confidence in your Friendship, believing, you'll advise me for my Good.

Rover. Miss, you may with Safety, trust your Life in my Care: Was there a Drop of corrupt Blood in my Veins, I would dilute it 'till 'twere fine.

Dry. *Rover,* every Echo from your Mouth has infus'd Musick to my Soul: I could now die in Peace, to think that my poor Child will have such Care taken of her, when I'm no more.

Rover. Time shall make the Truth appear in greater Degrees than I have Words to utter.

Dry. Again, and again, I return you my hearty Thanks. I have but one more Account to settle; it has been of a long Standing, and sadly neglected.

Rover. Pray, Mr. *Dry-Skin*, as you seem by your talking to have done with the World, be so good as to let Us Three, your chosen Friends, into the Secret, how you got such an immense Sum of Money: It may be of Service to Us and Others: 'Tis a Pity such Secrets should die with you.

Dry. As you are all my Friends, it may be of Service to you: I will tell you the very Truth.

The Miser's Rules he got and sav'd his Money by.

I. That at my setting out, and Money very scarce, whenever I saw a Man with a Guinea, I never left him till I got it from him.

II. That whenever I pull'd my Hat off, 'twas certain I had a Design on their Money.

III. That whenever I talk'd to a Man, I always kept an Eye on his Pocket; if I lik'd it, he was sure never to get quit of me till I knew where to find him again.

IV. That I always kept a Pocket-Tablet for the Sick, and another for the Gay, of the Houses where they lodg'd, which I call'd my Hospitals; and often was assured of undertaking the Body before the Spiritual Undertaker had secur'd his Soul.

V. That whenever a Family came to Town, I never quitted their Lodgings till I brought one of the Head-Servants under Obligation, by Eating or Drinking at my Town or Country-House.

VI. That whenever they were elevated, I was sure to gain my Ends, in being recommended to his Lord and Lady, with Imprecations of all his other Interest.

VII. That I always gave out, Bills might be exchange'd without a Premium; that recommended my Innocence to the Town, and freed me from the Imputation of an Extortioner.

VIII. That I was never without a couple of Runners of both Sexes, which kept the Top Company; them I constantly brib'd with Presents, for Repeating and Romancing, that Myself and My Wares excell'd all others.

IX. That I always secured the Interest of the Pumper; for ever sent trifling Presents to those who kept the Long-Rooms; and only recommended the Top Inns of the Town; and always kept in Bribery two or three Coffee-house Landlords in LONDON, at the Court End, where nothing but Gentlemens Servants used.

X. That whenever I wanted the Interest of a Doctor to serve me in Death-hunting, I feign'd myself sick, and never fail'd to force him with a Double Fee; the Interest of an Apothecary, I took a gentle Glister; of a Surgeon, I sham'd lame, drew a little Blood; of an Operator, I drew a Back Tooth; of a fam'd Painter, he drew my whole Body; or with any other Professor, or Artist, if he had the best Acquaintance to recommend to my Interest, I always employ'd him in something or other; besides constantly writing Letters, to recommend my Interest to Families in all Parts of ENGLAND.

XI. That

XI. That whenever I wrote out a Bill from my Shop-Book, I never figur'd it, till I had ask'd the Servant, whether he expected Poundage or not? as they generally reply, Yes; and when we were both agreed, 'twas then we tickl'd my Lord and my Lady down for Cakes and Ale in the Sum Total. Oh! dear Poundage! it was the only certain Invention I ever had to get Money: It makes Cupids of one Half that comes to this Town; and when they are blind, you may weigh Neck-Beef for Sur-Loins, turn Cyder into Wine, and make coarse Goods pass for fine, &c. There's nothing like having a Friend in Court, that has the Ear of my Lord, that if Bills, Goods, or Man, is found Fault with, that Gap is soon stop'd, or any other, by trifling Bribes.

XII. And lastly, I got a Thousand Pound by gameing with an intoxicated Landlord; and Fifteen Hundred by transferring a mimick Metal into Gold: And these were the real Methods I took to work against the fair Trader, and what I got my Money by.

Rover. Zounds! This was a more certain Way of winning, than if you plaid at Hazard with all Sixes, where you were sure to nick it every Time.

Dry. Ha, ha, ha; I think it was, *Rover*. I must beg Leave to inform you how I sav'd it, which is as great an Art as to get it: Now, towards my latter Days, I never spent a Penny, but I got a Shilling; never gave to the Poor; never went to Market by Daylight; to the Scales, but wrangled the Butcher out of a Pound; always left the odd Penny unpaid; never paid the Basket; bought stale Fish; never scrupl'd measly Pork; lov'd bane Mutton; hated fresh Butter; delighted in skim'd Cheese; gloried in brown Bread; disdain'd fat Meat, laugh'd at all that could not eat it cold; swim in small Beer; half drown'd in Bath Water; never went near a Fire; scorn'd new Cloaths; despis'd clean Linnen; charm'd with Shams of all Kinds; since my Wife's Death, always made my own Bed; never lay in any Sheets; my Room clean'd out but once a Year, none ever came into it till then; beg my Snuff; borrow my Tobacco; shave myself; black my own Shoes; go to Bed in the Dark; rise without Light; always afraid of being robb'd, or poison'd; to prevent it, I preach'd my own Doctrine, prescrib'd my own Physick, read my own Divinity, and practic'd my own Law; that unless it were to recommend me in my Business, I look'd on the Apothecary to be as usefess as a Conjuror, the Doctor as a Philosopher

pher, the Parson as an Antiquarian, the Counsellor as a Vertuoso, the Barber as an Harlequin, the Shoe-Boy as a Fidler, and the Chandler as a Jack-in-the-Lanthorn: I dar'd not go to Church, for Fear of the Sexton; to the Meeting, for Fear of subscribing to the Preacher; to Quakerism, for Fear of Bishop DICK: I always went a-Foot; I thought a Man mad that kept a Coach; lightheaded if on Horseback; in a Wagon, drunk; in a Cart, to be hang'd: My Wife was the Jewel of a Woman, or it could not have been done in being a Crocodile by Nature; she'd cry over the Plunder, and wonder'd how I got it; a Serpent in her Cunning; a very Jew in a Bargain; a double Tongue, like a Viper; as many Hearts as a Tortoise; a Judas in Treachery; in speaking a Cyren; a Deist in Religion; and would never part with any Thing in Possession; belly-pinch'd herself; backbeat her Maids; a new one every Month; steal her own Linen, charg'd them with Theft; never paid any Wages; and to Prison if they were faucy.

Rover. Why, these are such Methods that you might get and save enough to ruin all of your Profession; it ought to be publish'd for a general Good.

Lap. and Thin. Every Word that Master Dry-Skin has spoke, is Matter of Fact, to our certain Knowledge.

Rover. Pray, give me the real Sentiments of what you mostly conceive of this Gold, that you should deny Yourself all Manner of Necessaries that Gold should purchase; besides the many Operations that have been inflicted upon your Body, by feigning Disorders, for the Sake of Interest, which Interest was to turn to Gold.

Dry. I'll tell thee, *Rover*, what my Opinion was of this Gold before I had my Fill: Gold in itself is pure, and a simple Being, generally call'd the Terrestrial God, and no Happiness can be without it: Besides, it has the Influence over all Kingdoms; if there be War, Gold makes Peace; if there be Peace, it makes War; if there be Discord, Gold is Musick; if there be Musick, that's Harmony; if Harmony, Gold makes Happiness; if Happiness, Gold makes Heaven on Earth; if thou art false to thy Friend, Gold is true; if thou art wicked, Gold is good; if thou art weak, Gold is strong; if you are not handsome, Gold is beautiful; if thou art crooked, Gold makes thee strait; if thou art lewd, Gold is innocent; if thou art Poverty, Gold is Riches; if thou art old, Gold is unchangeable; if a Fool, Gold is Wisdom; if thou art knavish, Gold is Honesty; if thou hast murder'd, Gold may save thee; if thou wast to be ever so notorious,

Gold

Gold won't hang thee ; to be short, if the Man is Nothing, Gold is all Things ; and, without Compound or Mixture, the very Essence and Superior Being, will'd by the Great Creator to have that Supereminence, that Perfection, that Conveniency over all Things that is suitable to the Nature and several Conditions, for the various Services of Man ; Gold is a Bound set to keep Men within the Limits of Morality, by resisting the Snare of Temptation ; by the Use of which, you may transfer one to another all the Blessing of Providence, without offending or breaking the Holy Command : Besides, Gold, Silver, and other Coins, are set in Competition with the Sun, Moon, and Stars, Heaven and Hell ; as the Sun is Ruler over the Planets of the Skies, so is Gold Ruler over the moving Planets of the Earth ; as the Moon is the Second Luminary, of Use to the Firmament, so is Silver to the Use of Mortals here ; as the Stars are necessary Planets to that Great Order above, so are all Coins to this little Creation below : And my Opinion is now, that whoever improperly stops the Motion or Circulation of it, can be no less displeasing to Heaven, than Heaven could be to us, by stopping the free Motion, and depriving us of the Benefit of all the Celestial Planets ; which no human Creature can act without ; Gold is sent to us, as the good Angel and bad, or more properly, as a dead Letter ; where all Free-Agencies may subscribe or under-write their Names for Happiness or Misery ; 'tis a Paradise on Earth to those that come by it legally, and apply it to its proper Use ; take it unworthily into Possession, when you come near your latter End, or to die, 'tis then the Three-Score-Thousand Effigies that charm'd your Mind before, turn into Three-Score-Thousand Devils ! and all the Stings of Hell are shot to thy very Soul, that the Angels themselves can't appease their outrageous Fury to a wounded Conscience ; the greatest Monarchs in the World pay Adoration to it, and wonder how the poor Heathens can be Idolaters : This is my sincere Opinion of Gold, since my Illness.*

Rover. If this be all true that you have related, you are in the most wretched Condition ; and I heartily pity you.

Thin. 'Tis certainly as he says ; and I have often heard him repeat as much before.

* Note, *This Speech is too serious for the Stage, and may be left out : Or, if any Thing else appears too long, the whole Piece will bear cutting into about 65 Pages, without altering the Sense of the Play.*

Dry. It is so true, that I know not at which End to begin at, or whither to fly to for Help, to settle my Account, it being of an eternal Consequence, where Money can be of no Service.

Ob! all ye Gods of Night and Day,

Assist a Wretch that went astray.

Rover. Sir, I must now take my Leave of you, being the most unfit Person living for Assistance; my own has been so neglected, I shall never attempt making it up.

Ob! all ye Gods of Heaven and Hell,

With Souls like mine, do what you will.

[Exit.

Thin. You must, Sir, apply yourself to some learned Divine; 'tis their Business to set you to Rights wherein you have wrong'd.

Lap. Sir, there is no other Way of redressing Neglects to compass your future Hopes.

Dry. I can never bend to Devotion, but my Brains are crowded with that curst Thing call'd Money, or the Devil; so that I'm not able to send up one zealous Petition for desired Happiness.

Lap. That's bad, indeed; I hope the next Time we see you, we shall find your Brains more compos'd.

Thin. I hope the same: Settling your worldly Affairs might have put your Spirits in a little Flutter.

Dry. Gentlemen, 'tis a most sad Thing to undertake a Journey in the Dark, without a Guide, and not to know one Foot of the Road. I must leave you, and so, your Servant. Come, Child, I'll lie me down, and try for Rest; go in and I'll follow you soon.

[*she goes in.*

[*Exeunt Thin-Blood and Lappey.*

Dry-Skin returns alone.

Dry. I have now form'd a Plot and e're five Days are past I'm resolv'd to put it in Execution, on Purpose to discover the Villany of this World; and in particular, the *Rover*, whom I have a long Time suspected to be at the Head of all Vices. I'll feign myself ill, and in the Dead of Night, will leave my House, and on the Bed a Bag of Gold of Five or Six Hundred Pound, and retire in such Obscurity to a Country Friend, in a very remote Cottage, that even my own Daughter, nor any Soul living, shall know where I am for some Time: Then they'll undoubtedly give out, that the Devil has taken me alive into his Possession: My leaving that Bag of Money behind me, will be a Confirmation of some unhappy Accident; and by this Stratagem, I shall be able to discover what they wou'd have done, in
Case

Cafe I had been really dead : If I lose my Daughter, I shall be sure to save my Money for her Use, and will settle it so firm, that neither Friend nor Foe shall ever have it in their Power to hurt her : The Reason why I do this, is on the Account of an old Proverb, that says, Money got over the Devil's Back, is generally spent under the Belly. [Exit.

Enter Captain Phenix, the Rover, Lady Headhorn, and Rinus.

Lady Rinus. Well, Captain, how go Matters forward between the Widow and you ?

Capt. Oh ! swimmingly well ; I certainly have made a Conquest, and e're 'tis long, I hope to dive into a Flood of Ten Thousand Charms. But your Ladyship had like to have ruin'd all, by telling the Widow my Jointure was but bare Six Hundred a Year : Zounds ! I was sadly frightned ; but by her dropping one Word, I took the Hint, and run it off gloriously to her Satisfaction. For God-sake, as you are all my Friends, never do so again, for fear it should be dangerous.

Lady Head. *Lady Rinus* is a Woman of Humour, and I am certain, wou'd do nothing to hurt you. The Widow seems to be a little jealous of *Lady Rinus*.

Rover. [aside] And perhaps not without some Occasion.

Lady Rinus. That's a certain Sign the Widow loves true.

Lady Head. Now I believe it will come to something ; I'm glad of it ; but she'll be finely bit, and she finely deserves it, because of that fond, covetous, captious, Temper. And she found Fault with your Conduct and mine, *Lady Rinus* ; and said, Truly, she thought one Husband was enough for one Woman.

Lady Rinus. O hang her ; and who was so fond of Mens Company as she ! till such Time we Introduc'd her to the Captain, she'd never let us rest any longer than when we were Tagging about to place our selves in the Mens Way : I have no Patience with her.

Capt. Hold *Lady Rinus* ; pray don't speak so slighting of her ; in a few Days she'll be my Wife, then, I hope, 'twill be all Friendship again. Here's a Ring she gave me as a Token of her Affection, it cost Two Hundred Pounds ; at which Time she made me swear by the Sun, Moon, and Stars, and every Planet of the Skies, and wish by every Spirit of the Infernal Regions, that I'd never be false to her : And I have that Honour in me, that nothing shall ever make me break through all these solemn Imprecations I have made to her.

Lady

Lady Head. Well, Captain, I'm heartily glad of your good Success; but pray let me have the spending of one Evening before dear Liberty is parted with.

Lady Rinus. Captain, may Joys attend your Change of State.

[*Captain bows.*

[*Exeunt Rinus and Headhorn.*

Rover. Well, Captain, in a short Time You and I must have a little Talk; and how the Devil must us do to snack this damn'd Terra-Firma of the Widows? I could wish it were not half so much, so it was in ready Specie.

Capt. Why, we must mortgage, or sell, as other Gentlemen do, to pay you the Thirds.

Rover. That will make a damn'd Talk and Noise, neither can it be done presently; there are other Fortunes I could help you to with Ready Money, wou'd answer both our Ends much better; I'm sorry you have gone so far with the Widow.

Capt. 'Tis certainly true; and if I were to endeavour to get off, all the Devils in Hell must have a Bit of me; neither cou'd I do it in Point of Conscience; the Imprecations are so deep, was I to break off with the Widow, my Crimes of Villany wou'd be of a blacker Dye than the darkest Pit of Dungeon Eternity.

Rover. Captain, remember your own Words, when I was scrupulous of the Word Villany; you told me, it deserv'd a better Name; and that it was a fine Policy, contriv'd by the Great Ones, on Purpose to Indulge Luxury and Indolence; and that Honesty was a Priest-Craft, contrived by the Pope to indulge his Great Toe: You farther said, that seeking after Eternity was like playing the Game of Blind-Man's-Buff, losing certain Pleasures for imaginary Joys to come; pray, Captain, don't forget, these are your own Words.

Capt. But suppose she should die with Grief at such an unexpected Disappointment?

Rover. Snppose she does, it's but a single Murder; we have Crimes of a deeper Complexion than that.

Capt. Well, say no more of it now, till we have made better Provisions; then I don't know what I may do: But I intend to give a Publick Entertainment, after my own Country Fashion.

Rover. How is that? have you got the Bill of Fare?

Capt. Yes, there 'tis.

[*gives it the Rover.*

Enter Guthall and Clear-Bottom.

Gut. Noble *Rover*, God blefs your Glory and Honour.

Rover.

Rover. So, Mr. Gutball, I suppose you imagine there's something going forward.

Capt. Pray, who are these two Mighty-Looking Men?

Rover. This is the famous Mr Gutball, and Clear-Bottom, which I pronounce to be as great Reputation to the Donour of a Feast, as the King's Beef-Eaters are to an English Court; for where ever they appear, the Town knows the Entertainment to be fit for foreign Princes. Captain, I beg that you will bid them welcome to your Fragments, and broken Bottles of Wine.

Capt. Rover, on your Account, they are most heartily welcome.

Gut. and Clear. God for ever preserve your Honours.

[both bow, and offer to go off the Stage.

Rover stops them; Gentlemen, you may hear the Bill of Fare.

[they stop.

[Rover reads, and makes what Remarks he thinks proper.]

The BILL of FARE.

In the Centre of 42 Dishes will be a Pyramidical Olio, consisting of every Sallading Vegetable the Earth produces.

The First Dish that enters, will be a rich eating, plain strutting Cockatoo-Noddy; and with him, the old cackling fat-fided, plump-breasted, fit for nothing but Dressing and Eating, Hen of the Brood, Plover, with Elevation, Morocco Nation, Celebration Sauce.

The Second Dish is six Brace and a Half of Lacker'd Beaux, Golden Shows, Red as Rose, thorough roasted Ninny-hammers, with Woodcock Brains, old ruin'd Times, and Fore'd-Meat Balls; Oh! roll them small, they'll charm us all: If Butter's bad, 'twill make me mad; and when too late, 'tis in vain to prate; then curse my Fate: If done in Haste, 'twill spoil our Feast: The Cook must be sober, in Spite of Thee, thou good October.

The 3d, Six Brace of Rock-Rovers, that wing it all round,

4. And a Dish of Land-Teazers that pillage the Ground.

5. A Dish of Cloud-Flappers, that devour all Prey,

6. And Six Brace of Moon-Droppers that guzzle all Day.

7. A Chafinder-Dish is exceedingly good,

8. And a Dish of Sand-Waggers, catch'd after the Flood.

9. A Dish of Merry-Whindels is best in the Spring;

10. A Dish of Sky-Drivers is a Dish for the King.

11. A Dish of Laplanders most Ladies admire,

12. And a Dish of Stiff-Standers will allay that Desire.

13. A Dish of nimble Slippers is admirable good,

I

14. And

14. And a Dish of Mount-Raisers will enrich the Blood.
15. A Cloud-Flapper's Pounces, grevoid on Coofader,
16. And a Dish of Green Brees shall be prim'd in good Order.
17. A Dish of Man-Tavers, their Meat is so firm,
18. And a Dish of House-Carriers cause Nature a Charm.
19. A Rookadill Dish is hard to procure ;
20. But the Back of a Brock, is substantial, and sure.
21. A Dish of Monday's Moon-shine most Palates will please ;
22. And a Dish of Raggoons I can get at my Ease.
23. A barbecu'd Heartishrew is fit for a Maid,
24. And a Dish of Land-Quacks her Virtue decoy'd.
25. A Dish of young Ouzels I'll get, if I can ;
26. And a Dish of Sea-Glibs will strengthen all Man.
27. An humble Crow Dish most People have seen,
28. And your Potted Dab-Chicks are fit for the Queen.
29. A Dish of Jandories is the Epicure's Delight,
30. And a Dish of Hubboos that ramble all Night.
31. A Dish of Purwits, with a short forked Tail ;
32. Of a Dish of Long-Crylls I hope we shan't fail.
33. A Dish of Black-Jacks from the Cliffs we must have ;
34. And a Totmetot Dish is what most Men do crave.
35. A Dish of Windimore-Water-Chars to come at is hard,
36. And a Forester whole, to be roasted with Lard.
37. A Dish of White Flats from the Banks of Sun-Green,
38. And a Dish of Rantillions, such Meat ne'er was seen.
39. A Ragoust Royal must be dress'd by the Sun,
40. A Brace of Westphalia's to be roasted in Dung.
41. A Dust-Skipper Dish shall be friggasseed well ;
42. But it is my Night-Ranger all Dishes excell.

The Last, is an amphibious Night-Ranger ; with a short Description of the Wretchedness of my own Country Living: He preys upon the above Meat, and likewise the Four Elements ; to be roasted whole, with Green-Capers, if half ruin'd, Nation curs'd, when good for nothing in our Country ; Trading dead, Taxes sad, all Things bad, 'twill make them mad : The poor Natives with Hunger cry ; Prisons full, where they rot and die, which made me to ENGLAND fly ; this Truth there's none can deny : That our Possessions are crowded by Far and Near, Tag and Rag, Bob and Tail ; some in Dread of a Jail ; there's no Relief in Distress, Moneyless, but by Death or want of Breath ; Oh ! that's bad Caper-Sauce for my poor Country-men, to what Glories I am going to be possess'd on.

Rover. Captain, is not this Entertainment a Burlesque upon Epicures ?

Capt.

Capt. No, upon my Honour; 'tis all real Meat; but such Niceties, that perhaps you never partook of; 'twas the greatest Epicure in the World acquainted me with this delicious Eating. After my Entertainment, you'll never treat more with such coarse Food as Chicken, Ducklings, Pidgeons, Goose-Chicks, Turkey-Pullets, Pheasant-Venison, and the like.

Rover. Why, the French Cooks will run mad; our English stand amaz'd; the Welch to fighting: I'll answer for't, they never heard of one of those Dishes before. Pray, what Liquor do you have with this delicious Eating?

Capt. My Liquor is Rorum Mirabile; and the Musick shall play the sweet Moments away.

Rover. This is admirable indeed; there is nothing can exceed it: You must invite all the Ladies in Town.

Capt. Have you got good Cooks here?

Rover. No better in the World.

Clear. Zounds! Brother, I never heard of such Eating as this before; what the Devil can it be?

Gut. I care not what it is; but it must be consisting of Fish, Flesh, Fowl; or if it be the Devil's Buttocks sent broil'd from Hell, these Guts of mine shall gorge their Fill.

[Groaks his Paunch.]

Clear. Ha, ha, ha; gloriously spoke, Brother Gutball.

And with Rorum Shamp, Burg, and good Claret,

We'll wash down the Devil from Hell with a Carret.

[Claps Gutball on the Shoulder.] Exeunt laughing.

Capt. They seem to be two comical Men; pray who are they?

Rover. They are a Couple of illiterate Fellows, call'd the Town Gluttons, that would as soon eat up a Parish Child as a Roasting Pig; and will hale every Thing they can catch thro' their Guts.

Capt. Have you any more such Fellows?

Rover. Yes, yes; there be more of them in all Towns, likewise of every Character. *[listens at the Ring of a Bell, and knocks.]*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Do your Honour call?

Rover. Go and enquire what that Passing-Bell rings for, and bring Word who is Dead.

Serv. Sir, they say, old *Dry-Skin* is no more, but whether dead or living, there's none can pretend to tell; the Account given by the Nurse is as followeth; that he was ill for three or

four Days; the last Time she was with him, he desir'd his Daughter to bring him on the Bed one of his large Bags of Gold; he was seen to pop down his Head as if he would stick his Teeth in it; and at that Interim, a Gloom intercepted the Light; as soon as it clear'd up, his Body was missing; the Fright of which has alarm'd the whole Town into Confusion; and to prevent Reflections on the young Lady, they are making a sham Funeral, but there's no Corps in the Coffin.

Rover. Then I suppose the Devil was the Undertaker; he was a sad old Fellow, and has undertook many a one Himself, and never thought it wrong; that was part of his Employ.

Capt. Why, this is a very odd Thing, it strikes me with terrible Fears.

Rover. Fears are only Bully-Beaux, to frighten Children: He has left an only Daughter worth Three-Score-Thousand Pound, and she shall be your Wife; and that will compleat both our Happiness, without a World's Talk of selling Estates. The Old Fellow sent for me, and desir'd I would be a sort of a Guardian: I promis'd faithfully I would discharge the Trust of Honour and Justice: So I will, as most of your Guardians do, by helping her to a Husband; but must have a Finger in the Pye. He promis'd me a Legacy; but I fear he's gone without a Will.

Capt. This is admirable News, that you are a Guardian to a young Lady with such an immense Fortune in her own Hands: But how shall I leave the Widow? I'm afraid the Devil will be my Undertaker too.

Rover. Po, po, po; you may spend her Fortune in Hospitalities; that will soon repair Breaches of Injustice, and buy an Heavenly Passage for both our Crimes.

Capt. When shall I see her?

Rover. I'll go to her, and give her Comfort in this Fright: She has a great Opinion of my Fidelity; and she'll be afraid to lie alone after this dreadful Accident: I'll warrant you I'll persuade her to marry in a few Days Time, by letting her know 'tis to a fine honest young Gentleman, with Twelve-Hundred a Year: Let me alone to manage there; and so your Servant, 'till I can give you more Intelligence. Be sure to go no farther with the Widow. [Exit.]

Capt. How can I ever expect Benefit from the Light of Sun, Moon, or Stars! I have sworn by all, and violated every Imprecation: Or, how can I ever behold the Face of that glorious constant Woman, to whom I am thus perjur'd! I wish that some unforeseen Judgment does not crush all our monstrous Proceedings.

Woman,

Woman, thou Paradife of all Nature's Wonder! it troubles my very Soul to think thy Charms are slighted; the pleasing Ravisher in my Eyes of all the great Creation! How innocent, how good, how beautiful! even as the Serving Angels in Heaven; and certainly she was sent to us, as the greatest Blessing of God's Handy Work; and longer wou'd she continue, and more constant than regular Time, did they not fall a Sacrifice into the Hands of our monstrous cruel Sex: 'Tis our unnatural Usage drives the dear Innocent melancholy mad; and when she finds herself betray'd, no Nourishment she receives for some Days, nor no Rest, but scorches like a burning Feaver; then starts in one of her Intervals, and runs she knows not where, nor don't care whither; and the first Devil that meets her in the Shape of Man, she's liable to fall a Prostitute; the Thoughts of Heaven being driven from her believing that Hell with all its Flames can't add to the Torments that she, poor Woman, endures.

*Woman to Man as Paradise was given,
And all her Charms, the true Portrait of Heaven:
A mortal Sin it must be to abuse them;
For want of Sense, some know not how to use them.*



ACT V.

Enter Miss Sherley in close Mourning, and Rover.

MISS SHERLEY.



ORD! Sir, where do you think my poor Father is gone to? my insupportable Troubles are so great by this sad Fright, I know not where to compose my confus'd Brain; and am afraid to lie in the House: The ill-natur'd World has given out, he was carried away by the bad Angel, that rebell'd in Heaven; and on the contrary, why might it not be the good Angel, that never rebell'd? I have heard say, that Angels take Possession where they please.

Rover. Child, I would have you take Comfort with your Affliction; 'tis very probable it might be the good Angel: When I was with him last, he seem'd to be very devout, and inclinable to Prayer: There are no Fiends of Darkness have Power to invade against such a Heavenly Defence: So that 'tis my sincere Opinion, his Soul is at Rest.

Sher-

Sherley. Oh! dear Sir, your Reasons are a Cordial to the Extreams of my Wretchedness; cou'd I believe it, my Miseries wou'd be at an End; the last Time I ever was blest with the Sight of him, 'twas near the Dead of Night; he desired me to bring him a Bag of Gold, that he often diverted his restless Hours with; from that Time he was hurried away, and the Treasure left unguarded; I never heard of him since. [*weeps.*]

Rover. Dear Miss, pray dry your Tears, and doubt not but your Father is at Everlasting Rest; but the Will of Eternal Justice is such, that could we overflow Fountains with Grief after the fatal Stroke of Death is given, we cannot repair a mispent Life: Before Death approach, 'tis in all our Power, and you need not fear, but your Father took that Care.

Sherley. To kind Heaven I pray he did; his calling for that ugly Thing Money at the last, is the Occasion of all my Distrust; I'm sure, were he living, he'd not have left that behind him in so careless a Manner.

Rover. He's certainly dispos'd of to his Eternal Being: Pray, in what Condition has he left his Substance?

Sherley. All in Confusion, like Myself, unsettl'd: You heard him say he would give a Legacy to you and my Trustees, the rest to me, being his only Child, which was upward of Sixty Thousand Pound; there's Drawers full of Writings in one Place, and Bags of Gold in another, more than I can carry; so that I know not at which End to begin, or who to trust: I've meddled with nothing as yet, or open'd any Locks; I suppose it lies all where it did in his Life-time.

Rover. Miss, as Things are in this distracted Condition, I would advise you to be married, then you wou'd have Company that might divert your Melancholy, and help to settle your troublesome Affairs.

Sherley. Sir, you know there are so few good Husbands in our Days, I know not who to venture on; should I meet with a bad one, my Sorrows would be more than I could bear.

Rover. There's a Gentleman that I'm intimate with; he's a strait tall personable Man, with a good Complexion; he can make you a Jointure of Twelve-Hundred a Year, and I will answer my Life for him, he'll make the best Husband in the World.

Sherley. I heard you make great Imprecations to my poor Father in his Life-time, that you'd serve me to the utmost, on all Occasions; for which both my Father and I return'd you our hearty Thanks; and I must put more Confidence in you than any body; because, it was the Choice of my dearest Friend to recom-

recommend me to your Care; and what ever shall seem to you for my Good, am in Duty bound to be guided by one whose Honour I have undoubted Confidence in.

Rover. Miss, before I would violate a Spark of Justice to a young Lady that is destitute of Father or Mother, these honest Hands shall tear my treacherous Heart from my Breast, and cast it into unextinguishable Flames; so that you may with Safety rely on my Care.

Sherley. Dear Sir, I do believe all you say; but you remember my poor Father often repeated, he should not rest in his Grave, if one of those Fortune-Hunters were to take Possession of me, or his Riches; I hope there's none of them in Town.

Rover. Not one upon my Honour; this is a young Gentleman with a plentiful Estate in the North of ENGLAND, he wears his own Hair.

Sherley. Sir, once more I tell you I can believe the Truth of all you say, without the least Scruple or Fear; and that all you do is for my Comfort in Distress; so, Sir, your Servant, till I hear from you again; my Hours afford no Pleasure but solitary Pain. [Exit.]

Rover. *Oh! how shall I perform this damn'd Design;
Hers will be Heaven's Portion, Hell be mine:
Her Words pathetick, melt my Soul with Grief;
And nought but Money can afford Relief.*

Enter Captain Phenix.

Capt. So, *Rover*, pardon me for telling you, Delays are very dangerous, where there's an Heiress to such an immense Sum of Ready-Money; every young Fellow will be pushing at it.

Rover. Sir, you're mistaken, there's nothing delay'd; I parted from the young Lady this Minute, and after giving her Comfort in her Afflictions, I propos'd a Husband to her; she made but slight Objections, and said, her Confidence was great in my Honour; and my Honour is such, that e'er an Hour is past, you shall be introduc'd into her Company.

Capt. Well, *Rover*, sure, thou art more than the common Race of Men in Services to me; and all our Endeavours are attended with Success hitherto.

Rover. Ay, and I don't fear the Success in this; but you must throw by your Whig, and take off your Filliting-Bandage, and comb out your own long Hair to prevent her suspecting you to be the Fortune-Hunter, and instead of the North of your Country, should there be any Questions ask'd, you must say, your Twelve Hundred a Year is in the North of ENGLAND.

Capt.

Capt. That I'll be sure to do.

Rover. 'Twas an Admirable Thought to come into ENGLAND in Masquerade, with a Whig over your own Hair, and keeping it a Secret till this Time; there's nothing can obstruct Success to our Schemes, having two Strings to our Bow. You must wait on Miss *Sherley* always in your own Hair, and the Widow in a Whig, as usual; then there can be no Discovery that you are courting any other but the Widow.

Capt. Zounds! these are notable Thoughts: I was in sad Fears my new Adventures should reach the Widow's Ear; I would not lose a Certainty for an Uncertainty: I thought our Country was the best Contrivers in the World for Villany, but we fall far short of you: I must think of some extreme Vice, or shall not be able to keep you in Countenance.

Rover. Captain, your Country Air seldom fails you of that Infection; I'll warrant, you'll not be at a Loss in some unforeseen Vice or other, past finding out. [*Rover looks at his Watch.*] 'Tis now the Time to wait on Miss *Sherley*: Be sure to look very grave, and talk a little gay.

Capt. Let me alone for Looking, Talking, Flattering and Lying. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lady Headhorn and Rinus.

Lady Rinus. I fancy there's something more in the Wind than you and I can imagine, unless it be this; I've seen the *Rover* go two or three Times into old *Dry-Skin's* House, within these three Days.

Lady Head. What! to that Miserly Man's, that almost starv'd Himself for Want of Necessaries, and after, was taken away by invisible Hands; the Town says he has left his Daughter immensely rich.

Lady Rinus. Ay, the very same: I'll lay my Life, the *Rover* is endeavouring to make up the Match between the Captain and her: If they get the handling of all that Ready-Money, there can be no holding their Horses: I wish from my Heart it be true; we shall have fine Diversion with our new Acquaintance, the *Cheshire Widow*, that's almost sing'd by a violent Fever under her Apron-String; and she reflected upon us for Ill Conduct!

Lady Head. Betwixt you and I, our Conduct is not the best, but that was no Business of hers: Hang it, I would not have her lose the Captain neither, I fear 'twill break her Heart.

Lady Rinus. Widows Hearts are not so tender; I heard, she broke her Husband's, and crack'd several Gallant's, since, by her coquet-

coquetting Air: I suppose, the Grief was more for her Riches than Person. As she has receiv'd this Wound from the Captain,

*Let her weep her solitary Hours away,
And seek Redress, those Sorrows to repay.*

Lady Head. Be silent; 'tis certainly so; at a Distance I see them all Three together coming this Way: You and I will quit this Place, for Fear of interrupting them.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Captain, Rover, and Miss Sherley.

Sherley. My Father kept me so much confin'd, that Liberty seems a Paradise.

Capt. Were I to be the happy Man of your Esteem, I would range the World's Liberty, and hunt for new Pleasures; then chase them till they were all in your Lap.

Sherley. Sir, I've seen no Pleasures at Home yet, from my Birth: I never saw but two Balls, so there's no Necessity of ranging wide at present, till I have made some Discoveries at Home.

Capt. From this Moment, to the very last of my Life, will I make it my Business to study the whole History of the Creation, and extract the sweet Joys of Nature, then cast them at your Feet.

Sherley. I never had such fine Things said to me by my Father: If all you say be true, you must be better to me than a Father; and what must I do in Return?

Capt. 'Tis as true as that the ever glorious Sun extends its Rays upon the Face of the Earth, to nourish every rational and irrational Being, Vegetable, and Plant; and all the Return I ever expect, is only, that you wou'd grant me your Affections.

Rover. [*aside*] Captain, not in quite so high a Stile; a lower will do better.

Sherley. Sir, your Language to me is like Greek; I understand not a Word you say, unless it be that Word Affection; which I take to be in the following Sense: You want to act in the Place of my Father, to save me the Trouble of managing his Money and Writings; that I'm quite a Stranger to.

Rover. Yes, Miss, that's what the Captain means: I told you before, he's as proper a Steward as any in ENGLAND.

Sherley. Rover, if all you told me be true, he's the fittest Man of the Age; if I have not him, I must have some other Person to look into it; I would choose one recommended by you (it being the Request of my Father) sooner than I would a Stranger.

Rover. Miss, you judge right; but the Captain must be Married to you, then he'll love, cherish, and go to Bed to you; that's ten Times better than living single.

Sherley. I thought he was to be in the House with me like my Father, and I never us'd to go to Bed to him, I always lay with our *Lucy*; if that Tall Gentlemen should happen to roll upon me in Bed, sure he'd kill me, wou'd he not?

Capt. No, my Dear Life; before I'd hurt you, I would stab myself; were Weapons ever so strong and sharp set, they should never have Power to offend you, my little Angel.

Sherley. And you'll promise never to hurt me; let me go abroad when ever I please; not keep me always within, as my Father did?

Capt. Indeed, my Dear, I will, and go with you to the Balls, Plays, and Puppet-Shews, and ride with you in a Gilded Coach when ever you please.

Sherley. *Rover*, this is a sweet-temper'd Gentleman you have brought me acquainted with; he promises fine Things: I know not how to make you Amends for the care he'll take of me.

Rover. [*aside*] Ay, poor Child, he's a sweet temper'd Creature indeed, did you but know the Necessities of both our Wants, and the Villany in our Hearts.

Capt. [*aside*] *Rover*, I've no Occasion to say any Thing about the Jointure; less than Half will serve Miss better than the Whole wou'd the Widow.

Rover. [*aside*] By no means; Miss has Money enough; she knows nothing of good Jointures or bad.

Sherley. *Rover*, pray how is it I'm to be Married, and when?

Rover. To-morrow Morning you must be ready by Eight o'Clock; this Gentleman and I will be there at the Time: You must go with us to Church, before a Man in a Black Gown; he'll rehearse a long Grace; you must answer all Questions he shall ask of you; then we shall go down on our Knees; you must be sure to say, *Amen* at the End of every Sentence: This is the Way you are to be Married.

Sherley. I'll be sure to say *Yes* and *Amen* to every Thing; I fancy 'tis pretty to be Married; thank you *Rover*. I'm to be Married To-morrow: I'll go Home and tell our *Lucy*, I'm to be Married To-morrow.

[*She goes to run off the Stage.*]

Rover. Hold, Miss, you must not go yet: I charge you not to speak one Word of it to *Lucy*, or any Soul living; if you do, this fine Gentlemen which is to be your Husband, will be very angry; then he'll not have you.

Sherley.

Sherley. Oh! what a pretty Thing a Husband is! what! to be Married, and have a Husband too! well, I'll call him Husband, Husband, and dear Husband, if he'll be good: Be assur'd, I'll not speak a Word of it to any body, and will be ready by Eight o'Clock. May I go now.

Capt. Yes, be sure to be silent.

Sherley. Yes, Husband, I'll be sure to be silent till To-morrow. [Exit *Sherley.*

Capt. Rover, you ought to be the Chief Ruler over both Sexes; there's not a Thing you attempt at, but Success attends it: By Heavens, we shall touch all old *Dry-Skin's* Ready-need: Three-Score-Thousand Pound, Boys! There's Money in Store, 'tis enough for both, without any more

Rover. Be sure to get all Things ready by the Time; now both our Business is certainly done in this World. [Exit

Capt. 'Tis but doing mine by Halves: Now must I Sacrifice the sweet Joys of the Night for the Sake of gaudy Vanities by Day. He that don't Marry the Woman he loves, destroys the heavenly Pleasures, and half the Happiness of this Life: She's a young, awker'd Girl, and no Ways my Taste. Oh! my dear Widow,

*Can I forget Ten Thousand lovely Charms,
Secur'd, by clasping her in longing Arms:
There cou'd I roll in Floods, by Tempests driven,
Joys not inferior to the highest Heaven:
Then Days and Nights wou'd still have been secure;
Whilst now the Loss of Bliss I must endure.*

Enter Widow, and surprizes the Captain. She don't see him till after her first Speech; then he discovers Himself.

Widow. How wretched is Woman made by inconstant Man! Had not the Frailties of my Affection discover'd I lov'd him, sure he could never have us'd me thus: For these six Days past, have I not seen one Glymse of the Captain: Before I gave him my Heart and the Ring, he was never from me an Hour in a Week: Whether dead or living, my Heart is with thee, ungenerous Man.

Capt. discovers Himself. Madam, Your Servant.

Widow. What, such a Man as You alive!---- But such Servants will soon stop the main Spring of my Life. Pray, tell me, why I'm thus us'd: And what means the Surprize you give me, by

your wearing those long curling brown Locks: To me you seem metamorphos'd, both internal and external.

Capt. You must know, some Weeks past I made an Appointment to take a Country Journey for a little Merriment, with some Friends, and could never spare Time to put it in Execution, for the Respect I bore to You: So that my Spirits were quite exhausted, before I cou'd discover the sincere Part of your Affections; you held out the Siege so long, I must have dy'd, had it not been for this Refreshment.

Widow. So, Sir, this is generous Usage to a Heart like mine, that you was so desirous of conquering.

Capt. Hold, Madam; the Reason why I wear my own Hair, I could no Ways shun: They led me down into a Place call'd *Okey-Hole*, the true Representation of Hell, by all fictitious Report; and at that Interim the Thoughts of You, and all the Imprecations that past betwixt us, came quick into my Mind: In that Dungeon Fright, both Hat and Whig leap'd from off my Head, and this Hair sprouted out in an Instant to the Length you now see it; and all the Company was light-headed with Amazement.

Widow. Sir, I've known the Time you'd not banter me thus: But have a Care, that instead of White Laun Bride-Sheets, with a Crimson Velvet Bed, and all Things suitably rich, that *Okey-Hole* is not your Eternal Being; it certainly will, if there be a God of Darknes.

Capt. If ever I make any more Imprecations, without performing them, it shall be my Doom.

Widow. Why, You don't think to perform them you made to me, do ye?

Capt. Yes; but not quite so soon as you may expect; I must be forc'd to bury a Wife first, as you have a Husband.

Widow. 'Tis very well; but there will be a Time that Virtue must be rewarded, and Vice punished. You have rais'd my Hopes to the highest Degree of Happiness, and now sink 'em to the lowest Depth of Misery. I hope some kind Angel will guide my Grief to Eternal Rest.

Capt. From my Soul I wish it: And when you take your Eternal Flight with your Sister Angel that guards you through that difficult Passage to Heaven, so bright a Trace will be left behind in the Skies, the Birds in the Air, along that Streak will wing their Way to the high Gates without Obstruction.

Widow. I thank you, although deceived by thee;

May Hell cheat Heaven, as You have cheated Me,

The Damn'd by setting from their Chains quite free.

~

*When Men turn Devils to deceive the weak,
None dare prevent it but the Heav'nly Great.
Oh! may I hence be driven, by Whirlwinds hurl'd
To lonely Regions, and forget the World;
Where ne'er shines the Sun, nor Moon gives Light,
Then bid the World in Solitude good Night.*

[Exit Widow.

Capt. Every Word she says, has stamp't the full Impression of her Image at large in my Soul. But what can I do, or what could I say? If she runs mad, I cannot help it. I'm promised to be married to a Lady of Three-Score-Thousand Pound, and was oblig'd to talk in that trifling Manner I did, since 'tis decreed I cannot be hers. Was it not to serve the *Rover*, I solemnly declare I'd marry her. [Exit Captain.

Enter Miss Sherley, and her Maid Lucy.

Sherley. *Lucy*, I've a Secret to divulge to you, that I hope may prove to your Advantage: For your Encouragement, let it prove as it will, that Six Hundred Pound Bag my Father left on the Bed, shall be yours.

Lucy. Pray, Madam, what is it? I'll do any Thing to serve you.

Sherley. The *Rover* has been with me three or four Times unknown to You: A Husband he propos'd to me: I seem'd to be very attentive. The *Rover* declar'd to me he had 'Twelve-Hundred a Year. The Gentleman has been with me once: He's a clever Man; and by the *Rover*'s Persuasions, I have promis'd him Marriage this Morning at Eight o'Clock.

Lucy. Dear Madam, this is the most surprizing Thing in the World, that you'd not tell me; neither is your Father scarce cold.

Sherley. You know, I've been always confin'd; and the Trust my Father put in the *Rover*, and by his Persuasions, occasion'd me to be a little foolish; but by the Earnestness of the Pursuit, gives me Reason to believe they are both Bites.

Lucy. What wou'd you have me do in it?

Sherley. As You and I are both of a Stature and Age, and pretty near alike, and by, when they attend the appointed Time, you shall be dress'd in my Mourning, and I'll put on your Cloaths. You shall go in my Place to be married; I'll stay at home, and act your Part; then provide every Necessary for your Reception in the Station of a Servant. You call me *Lucy*, and I'll call you Madam; so we'll continue for some Time, till we know whether he's a Man of Substance, or not.

Lucy.

Lucy. Madam, if you'll promise to make that Six Hundred a Thousand, in case he should prove a bad Husband, I'll perform your Request. I believe they'll be so sharp set for your Three-Score-Thousand Pound, Ten to One, if they discover the Plot.

Sherley. I do promise you a full Thousand. Handle your Part artful, and I'll manage mine as well as I can; 'twill afford us good Diversion. Mind Eight o'Clock; it wants but little of the Time.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Old Thrifty and Safety.

Thrif. Well, *Safety*, what Sort of a Season are we like to have?

Saf. Oh! Master, 'twill be *BATH* again, God bless us; it has been *Bathe* long enough, God help us: All join in one Opinion, it will be a Brusher; here will be some of the Royal Family, besides all the World and his Wife.

Thrif. Zounds! is there no Artist to be got, to make that damn'd Ace of Hearts win every Time? I sadly want to make myself a Thirty-Thousand Pounder.

Saf. Why, he's made to win every Time already, and does win every Time; the Wheel goes round; and I'll prove that you have more than Ten Thousand per Cent. for your Money; 'tis the finest Bubble-game that ever was invented for Women and Children, and Men of half Species and Capacities; none else will play at it.

Thrif. I know that; but I mean every Time, when you please, by stopping the Wheel, that the Ball may come to any particular Card. My Fingers have Itchings to secure more of that Royal Cash.

Saf. I can do no more than I do for you, unless I were to cut off her Pocket.

Thrif. Suppose you did, you'll have no more to answer for than you will for picking it by Degrees.

Saf. That's true; but the damn'd Law-Master makes an ugly Grimace. Why, you're the most impatient Man in the World; if you'll wait but the Time, you'll have every Shilling on't.

Thrif. Egad, I have a mind to speak to Captain *Crupe* and Captain *Puff* about it.

Saf. I wou'd not advise you to put yourself in their Power, and I know they'll give you the same Answer I have. As to Scruple of Conscience, I believe they wou'd make none, because their Games are depending upon just the same Advantages as ours, and the same Sort of New-made Fools play with 'em, that have more Money than Brains, and that you know.

Thrif. Why then, do what you can for me by fair Means, as
we

we call it. Be sure to let all the Engines be in curious Order; let them be hung to move sweetly, and sting 'em close, close, nay, as far as ever the Javelin can carry Poison, and let it be prim'd with that of the most subtle Kind. *Saftey*, Yours; I must begone. [Exit.]

Saf. Sir, Yours: I'll do what I can for you by fair Means. I was oblig'd to talk as he did before him, or else perhaps I shou'd have lost my Place: But I would see him damn'd for the Good of his Posterity, before I would do any Thing but upon the Square. He has trick'd the *Rover* out of 800 Pounds, and wants me to endanger my Life and Soul by tricking others for his further Service.

'Tis plain, Money's the Root of Evil;

When Poor a Saint, when Rich a Devil.

[Ex.]

Enter *Thin-Blood*, and *Lappey*.

Thin. Brother *Lappey*, have you heard this Morning's News?

Lap. No: Pray, what is it?

Thin. That intriguing Rogue the *Rover*, has made up the Match between the *Morocco* Fortune-Hunter, and Miss *Dry-Skin*; and are just married.

Lap. Heaven forbid it.

Thin. 'Tis certainly true: I'm this Minute come from thence; and her Maid *Lucy* affirm'd it to be Matter of Fact: He was then in the House: But she charg'd me to keep it as a Secret.

Lap. Was it possible her Father could know it, neither Hell nor Heaven could prevent his returning to the Earth again. The very Thing he always dreaded, is now come to pass. There shall be no Riches sav'd by me in this World.

Thin. I've a Mind to reclaim from this Time, and turn Libertine, or build an Hospitable for the Incurable. Brother *Dry-Skin* and I have denied our selves all Neecessaries, to some Purpose.

Lap. It generally so happens. I always told you to live the Life of Sense; but my Advice would never be accepted.

Enter *Dry-Skin*, just come to Town from his Country Cottage.

Dry. So, Gentlemen, how have you both done since the Time of my Absence?

[*Thin-Blood* and *Lappey* stand both amaz'd.]

Thin. From whence, in the Name of Wonder, came You! Speak, if thou art not Immortal.

Dry. My already speaking, is sufficient to convince both I'm mortal: Don't be frighten'd at my being here: I've only been in the Country at a Friend's House, on Purpose to try what the World would say, and to see my Daughter's Conduct, in Case I had been really dead.

Thin.

Thin. If what you say is true, old Friend, I'm heartily glad to see you; and heartily wish you had come an Hour sooner. [*all Three shake Hands*] I have sad News to inform you, since your Absence.

Dry. Out with it without Fear; there's nothing can make me uneasy, because I've secured the main Chance before I went. My Godlike Gold that's safe.

Lap. Sir, I'll tell you, this Morning your Daughter was married to that noted Fortune-Hunter, occasioned by the *Rover*, who spoke you so fair.

Dry. I'm pleas'd to find you, my faithful Friends, in Health: This News gives me no Surprize at all; 'twas what I partly expected; and as 'twas her own Choice, I the better know how to settle my Will. I'll put it out of his Reach of ever touching a Farthing: It shall be the better for You both. Pray, what has the World said of me, since my Absence?

Thin. They say you was a miserable old Fellow; and the Devil did you Justice in carrying you away alive.

Dry. I charge you, take no Notice you have seen me upon this Report. I'll wait an Opportunity to frighten this notorious Villain the *Rover*, and that Rogue my Son-in-Law, out of their Wits, by appearing to them in a Dress, as if I was really come from Hell; with an Assistance of another Figure, that shall look like the Devil.

Lap. and Thin. both speak. Be assur'd it shall go no further, till we see you again. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Capt. Phenix, the Bridegroom, and Rover.

Rover. Captain, I give you Joy of your Bride: I hope your Belly will be soon full of Love; and my Fingers itch to be snacking the old Fellow's Money; but she has full enough for us both, with what I have already receiv'd of Sir *Humphry*. Zounds! this is rare Doings at BATH.

Capt. I know not whether there is or no: I fear the Devil has rook the old Rogue's Money along with him. All this Morning have my Wife, Maid, and Self, been hunting every suspected Place for Money and Writings, and can find nothing more than the Six Hundred Pounds he left on the Bed. I have not been idle, but rather too quick upon such an Inquiry; but for fear they should hear who I was, I thought it not improper to act that Part first, to prevent Sinking. They are both as much astonish'd as I'm amaz'd.

Rover. Hell forbid it: Sure you have a mind to trick me.

Capt. And Heaven forbid it; but I am afraid we are both trick'd.

trik'd. I wish I'd not took your Advice, but married the Widow.

Rover. It's certainly put out in some secure Hands; it may be *Thin-Blood* and *Lappey* can give you Account, being Trustees.

Capt. It's certainly in such secure Hands, that you and I shall never get a Shilling on't: I've been with the Trustees; the Answer was, that he was carried away in a Hurry, without a Will; and they know nothing of the Matter.

Rover. I'm afraid you're an Out-landish Bite, give me the Third of the Six Hundred Pound, according to the Agreement, first.

Capt. You are an English Lyar, I won't give you a Guinea; it will scarce pay my Debts; every body will be crowding in of Bills, when they hear I'm Married to a suspected Fortune.

Rover. You use me ill.

Capt. I'm us'd the same, by such an unexpected Disappointment, when I had it in my Power to be thorough happy with the charming Widow.

Rover. I wish I knew where the old Rogue was buried; I'd dig him up, and see if the Money was not in the Grave with him.

Capt. If you'll dig down into Hell, I'll engage there you'll find both him and his Money.

[*Dry-Skin listens to their Discourse; then rises through the Stage, and with him a dismal Figure, representing the Devil.*]

Dry. Thou lye'st, old *Dry-Skin* was in Hell, but he and his Money are both here on Earth, and out of thy Reach of ever touching it, altho' you have been such perfidious Monsters to betray my Child.

[*The Captain and Rover stand trembling, all over Confusion; as 'tis customary on these Occasions, where there are Frights by Ghosts.*]

Rover. Pray Mr. *Dry-Skin*, I hope no Offence: And are you come from Hell?

Dry. Yes, Sir. from Hell I came by Permission of this my great Lord and Master, who is call'd in his Regions the Arbitrary God of Gloom.

*Him bound to serve in unextinguish'd Fires,
Still I've no Hopes that e'er my Term expires.*

[*Pluto, as he sinks through the Stage, speaks in a doleful Tone;*
All, all, all, to my Gloom.

Capt. Oh! my confus'd Soul, whither must it fly for Succour: Pray, Sir, what did that great King of Dark Eternity say as he was defending?

L

Dry.

Dry. Thus he repeated; that all Three must come to his Gloom.

Rover. Oh! all ye Phantoms of the Air, Confusion drives me to Despair.

Capt. Pray be so kind as to inform us, how you are treated in Hell.

Dry. Sir, there are Three Degrees of Torments below, as there are Three Degrees of Happiness above; they are call'd the First, Second, and Third Regions; in the First the Palace of *Proserpine* is situated by the Stygian Lake, which separates the Elysian Fields, from the Palace Garden; from these Shades all the Dam'd take Water, and Old *Charon* ferrys them over, then lands them at the Palace-Garden-Stairs, by an Order of Hell, that no lost Soul can enter but this Way; the Design is to entertain *Proserpine* the Queen thereof.

Rover. [*aside*] Pray Heaven I may enter no Way.

Capt. Sir, I beg you to go on.

Dry. And once a Month there's a Draught made for each Degree of Misery, in order to be tormented accordingly to their Crimes; the Blasphemers, Atheists, and Sodomites, are cast down to the lowest of all, and the great Don Sinners that are wheel'd about the World in Triumph, by loading their fellow Creatures with Burthens that they are not able to bear, are cast into exquisite Flames in the Second; and your Petty-fogging Sinners, such as Drunkards, Whoremongers, Pilferers, and the like, remain in the First Regions; but their Torments are very light compar'd to the other; and this is a short and true Description of Dark Eternity.

[*Capt. Rover, both down upon their Knees, and prays to old Dry-Skin.*]

Capt. Oh! pray Father *Dry Skin*, make Interest with *Pluto* that I may be in the first Region, for I cannot bear Fire.

Rover. Oh! pray Mr. *Dry-Skin*, do the same for me; I never did any thing to offend your Gloomy God in my Life; I never went to Church, said my Prayers; never had any Faith, very often Blasphem'd; never scrupled Swearing, Lying, Cheating with foul Cards and Dice; and always a great Forwarder of Adulteries and Fornication: I nothing scrupled of all Vice, but Sodomy and Perjury; and have been a great Friend to the Regions, in being the Ring-leader, by which I have help'd him to a great many rich Chaps; pray don't forget to tell him this; I hope *Pluto* will let me be as near the Palace of *Proserpine* as possible, where surely it's very cold, by being so near the River *Lethe*.

Dry. Yes, them obscure Shades produce such cold Breaths, it's
no

no hotter than in Summer; but your Behaviour to my Daughter, after so many fair Promises in my Lifetime, must Influence my Friendship; the Service I shall do you in Hell will be to take care that you may be sent down to the lowest Regions of all.

There shall exist your everlasting Stand,

Atchiefs and Sodomites bugger with the damn'd.

Dry. The Clock strikes, my Limits are expir'd, and I must this Instant downward fly, to the Gloomy God of the Darkest Sky; make him a Friend if I can, that's the last Chance of wretched Man.

[he sinks down.]

Capt. We have made a pretty Kettle of Fish of Fortune-hunting; instead of catching Three-Score Thousand Pounds, we shall catch Three-Score Thousand Legions of Devils.

Rover. I wish the Devil had catch'd half your Country, before I had seen one of them. I had Principles as good as my Neighbours, till I saw your damn'd MOROCCO Face, which help'd to betray 'em. Oh! Heavens, I'm so frighten'd, I know not what to do, or where to hide myself from his cloven, furions, angry Looks, nor how soon the Hour may come that we shall be both hurried away, and no more seen.

Capt. Why, *Dry-Skin*, talks as learned of Hell as if he was born and bred there; we must both spend the Remainder of our Lives in Prayer; I'll make his Daughter a good Husband, and live upon what little she has.

Rover. But, alas! I can't pray to Heaven, I'm lost forever.

[he bursts out in a loud Cry.]

Enter Thin-Blood and Lappey, catches them both on their Knees, and the Rover crying and blubbering loud, that I'm damn'd.

Thin. Gentlemen, your Servant; pray what makes you in this pensive Posture? besides here's a most damnable Stink.

Rover. Oh! Mr. *Thin-Blood*, the Devil has appear'd to us, and old *Dry-Skin* along with him; he told us we must both be in Hell, and we know not how soon, the Fright was so great I am not able to support myself; it would have made you stink too, and my Guts may be about my Heels, for what I know.

[Rover, looks round at his Heels.]

Lap. How could you expect any other, after being such a perjur'd Mortal to old *Dry-Skin*, in the Trust he left you; no sooner was he dead, but you betray'd it to this Monster, that was the only Request he begg'd of you.

Thin. I'm surpriz'd, the Devil has not took you away long before.

Capt. Had it not been for that frightened Coward, I should have

Married a rich Widow; what gave the Devil Power over me was, by breaking the solemn Imprecations made to her, not by marrying Miss *Dry-Skin*; I think that no Crime; I told no Lies, having seen her but once; twas that old rotten Cock-Bawd forc'd me to have her against my Will; he went to her several Times, and told her a Thousand Lies, that I was a North-Country Gentleman, of Twelve Hundred a Year, and made me promise to give him the Third Part of her Fortune; but I wou'd have seen him in Hell where we are both a going, before I wou'd have a perform'd it, that wou'd have been a double Bite on my Wife's Money.

Rover. I'm deceiv'd in nothing but the Loss of my precious Soul; thou art the very Villain I always suspected; and since my Fate is doom'd to be with the Damn'd, I care not in which of the Three Regions, so it be where none of thy curs'd Country can ever come; the Earth is Hell to me already.

Capt. 'Tis time to dispute that, after we are there.

[*Exeunt all but the Rover.*]

The Captain speaks the following Words at going off;
Helm-a-Lee for Hell;

Room for the *Rover* of *Aix-la-Chapell.*

Enter Sir Humphry; listening at the Edge of the Scene, while the Rover is confessing to Dry-Skin, to carry a Message to Pluto.

Sir Hump. So, *Rover*, I have been listening, and over-heard you at a damn'd long rambling Confession; but what's the Occasion of it, I can't tell.

Rover. *Sir Humphry*, pray excuse me now from talking, being so disorder'd by a Fright, I am not able to utter one Word.

Sir Hump. Don't tell me of your not being able to utter, I am convinc'd by your own Words, that you did not win that large Bet fairly, which I so lately paid you.

Rover. Pray say no more; I always thought it was the severest Bet that was ever made, and what troubles me the worst is, because you was a little in Liquor at that Time, and had I not been very feedy, I would have scorn'd to have received it of you: But now Money is of no Use to me. If you will come with me, I'll make my Will, and give it you back again, or to your Executors, as soon as I am snatch'd away. Indeed, I have some Relations that sadly want it; but Money got this Way, can do them no Service; and if it would, I am not oblig'd to go to the Devil for their Support. I expect him to call for me every Moment; but by expeditious Reparations for some of the greatest of my Crimes, I may be able to keep him off a little longer, and by Degrees get quite rid of him. Sir

Sir Hump. I find by your Talk, that the Devil has appeared to you. Poor *Rover*, if it be so, I heartily pity you, and wou'd do more if I could.

Rover. Oh! *Sir Humphry*, 'tis too true, and there's nothing to be done for me, the Game is all at an End.

Sir Hump. Take Comfort with your Fears; go which Way you will, you'll be sure to have Company.

Rover. *Sir Hump.* I thank you for your Advice; and as I am a poor Hell-born Sinner, shall make bold to give You a little before I am torn away from hence: Whatever you do, never play any more with them three Sharpers that follow you to all Publick Places; for they assured me that they got your Money as follows; they Loaded ye, Lump'd ye, Secur'd upon ye, Top'd ye, Clip'd ye, Poll'd ye, Sided ye, and Scoop'd ye; had all this not have done, *Cogg-Dye*, alias *Dare-Devil*, was to have Purse-string'd you, or cut your Throat.

Sir Hump. Why you strike me half dead with Wonder; I took them to be very honest; now, suppose this Devil should neglect calling for you, will you justify this to their Faces.

Rover. Yes, that I will; but the Devil has a good Memory, and seldom forgets such Errands: But you are such a hot-brain'd Man at Play, that I was assured of winning my large Bet when I made it, the first Time you ever came where there was deep Play; for which Reason my Conscience now stings me; and for Ease, I am determin'd to make my Will, and give it back again before 'tis too late.

Sir Hump. *Rover*, why this Devil has made thee talk like a very honest Man; and by this Method of Proceeding, you'll be able to bite the Devil and all his Works, as you have done me.

Rover. Oh! *Sir Humphry*, was he as easy to be bit as You, I would not give you a Bond of Performance upon my Will, which I suppose you would have forgot, without which the Will is not worth a Farthing. Pray, *Sir Humphry*, don't let us stand trifling here, but come along with me immediately, and send for an Attorney, that I may make a Beginning, to get rid of the Weight upon my Conscience for some of the largest of my Crimes: Consider my precious Soul's at Stake; now, that's a greater Bet than ever you lost to me; and if the Dice should run cross, the black Sharper wins it; then I am lost for ever; consider that, and come along with me with Speed, for I expect him here every Moment, without a Groom-Porter to see fair Play, which you never ought to have been without.

Sir Hump. Command: As I have been an Instrument to save thy

thy Body, I'll accept of thy Offer, if it be but to save thy Soul.

Rover. Sir *Humphry* I thank you; and was this all I had to do, I could be easy; but I have a Thousand Vices more to repair.

Sir Hump. Po, po, never mind it, one Thing after another.

Rover. Never mind it! why I have nothing else to mind. Zounds! you are enough to make one run mad this Minute; to cry, never mind it, when the great Jewel of Eternity is at Stake, and may be lost upon Ams Ace! you us'd to storm upon the Nick of a little superfluous Dross, that signifies not a Pin to what I may lose: My Troubles were insupportable before you paid me the large Bet; but now they are a Million of Times worse: I shall run mad, and go to the Devil too, I fear. [*Rover in Despair.*] Oh! why was I born to be Heaven's Disdain, and Hell's Reproach! Hail! hail! thou mighty Monarch and brightest Ruler in the Sky! to Jove I appeal, that awful, pleasing, and most dread God of Thunder; incline both Rocks and Mountains to be vocal to my Moan, and in soft Peals, thrilling Regions, and murmuring Eccho's, revolly back my Welcome to their Resound! then gape wide, and swallow me deep as the Centre down, there for ever hide me from the Predestination of my eternal Fate.

Sir Humpb. [*aside*] He seems to be in a sad Flutter; I'll carry on the Humour a little, for Fun.

*You may invoke the Rocks, I fear, too late,
Nor Rocks, nor Mountains can preserve thy Fate:
And rattling Peals from Jove, when Thunders roll,
Crack thro' the darkned Skies from Pole to Pole,
And may to Atoms strike thy trembling Soul:
Quick Bolts like Light'ning dart upon the Ground,
And shake the guilty World with Horror round.*

Rover. Where, where, where shall I hide myself! or whither shall I fly from my Fears! the past Dread of old Age, Aches, Penury, and Imprisonment; all the racking Tortures of the Body, with Flesh cut, bruise'd, mangled, scarify'd; Limbs hew'd off, or Eyes dug out; the whole Machine fill'd with Poison of the most subtle Kind, display'd into the minutest Parts, returning again in Shapes of all Kinds, such as Cramps, Fistulo's, Nodes, and Carnosities; with foul Bone and rotten Cranium, even to the Destruction of Posterity; all, all these Afflictions were a Paradise to what I now feel from a mispent Life.

Sir Hump. Zounds! *Rover*, I am afraid you will run mad in Earnest; and this Way of Reasoning is enough to make me mad too: I'll get out of his Way for fear he should do me a Mischief in his Madness. [*aside.*]

[*Exit.*]

Rover. A Deluge, a Deluge of Water! my Brains are kindling into a Flame of Fire!—Now for Packler's swift Beast, to ride round the World's wide Waste! hunt my travel'd Thoughts of desolate Despair! start any Hope, or one Dawn of Comfort from desert Beings unknown! What! never, never, never, to receive one Gleam of sweet Light more from that great Raifer of all Things!

A Raving Mad Scene, design'd by way of Entertainment, with a Rising Stage.

Hay ho! a Horse! a Horse! bring me a Horse of Wild-Fire, bridl'd with Serpents Skins! saddl'd with Dragons Wings! Boots of Tarantulo's! Spurs of Vipers Stings! Slash Cord of Scorpions! Lightning guide me! Thunder-Bolts drive me! Gun-Powder behind me! I'll ride thro' the Four Elements! spur up to the Clouds! Gallop round the Sun! swim thro' the Moon! and thus will I (as the Eagle cleaves the Air) cleave the Canopy of the Sky! whip him up to the high Gates of the First, Second, and Third Degree of Happiness! if no Reception there, back again to Jove, the chief Engineer of the Skies! kindle his Fire-Works! let off his Crackers! pull down the Seven Stars! and blot out every Orb of Light! not one Glympse of Day, but all like Blindmen in Chaos ever stay.—Ha! ha! whither has my tempestuous Fate driven me now! Alas! I loose myself in these unknown Skies! they're Paths all wild and baren to me! Here hold me still as the Night, while I gather Stength! as fast as I can I'll try to recover my lost Senses again. [*Soft Musick plays both Sides of the Scene. He fancies himself in the Skies, at Jove's Seat, viewing the Tower his Thunder is play'd from*] Ha! Musick too has Charms to sooth my Sorrows, chill those Fires, and compose that Outragiousness in my frenzy Brain. Oh! where am I! or what means this sudden Change! Teeth hacking, and freed from Fire! Sure some pitying God that's a Friend to Peace, has guided the wearied Steps of a poor Wanderer to this Place of Happiness, where I can never be deceiv'd, with Senses return'd, Soul delighted, and Eyes charm'd, [*stalks round the Stage as if he was viewing rich Furniture.*] Ha! what's here, Chair Frames of polish'd Silver! and their Nobbs too, Brilliant Diamonds!-----the Table massy Gold!—I see the Hangings are wrought with Oriental Pearl, and the Floor spread with white Velvet!—these lofty Walls are Egyptian Agats! and Door-Cases of Sardonyx! the Bars studied with Rubies, and arch'd with fine Emeralds! Locks set with Saphier! Cieling sparkles like Stars! all Things plum'd, and suitably rich!—This certainly is the High Walls of

Jove's

Jove's Palace, and within these Gates is his Paradise; 'tis Glory all without; but who can express the Joys within! [The Gods and Goddesses sing, and Musick plays all along the Insides of the Scenes] Oh! Harmony, Harmony, thou Ravisher of my Ears, and Banisher of all Fears! Here I'll stand, fast as the Mountain fix'd, recline my Thoughts, and lull my busy Soul in the highest Taste of Bliss: 'Tis all Peace, ever, ever, let the weary Traveller rest. [*looks up, and discovers the Gods and Goddesses in the Machinery, representing Clouds over the Stage; Musick playing behind all the Scenes.*] Oh! save me here; it must be true, the Gods and Goddesses are all in View, taking their Airing on the Wings of the Clouds; there's Mars, Venus, Juno, Minerva, Mercury, Diana, Flora, and Apollo; and Jove, too, that mighty Sorcerer, descending from his ætherial Tower, to join both Gods and Goddesses in a Silver Shower: I see the Battlements are planted with Bombs of mighty Wonder; which touch'd with Lightning, roll to Fire and Thunder. Ha! Jove beckens me to the Gates, and waves his Wand.—I come, I come.—Ha! how shall I approach the Gates of eternal Doom? they dazzle like the Rising Sun. Thou Guide to Comfort, that hast brought me safe thro' all the Danger of the Skies, give Strength to my trembling Knees, that I may enter these Gates that lead to everlasting Peace. [*advances towards the Stage Door, trembling, and Knees knocking together; he knocks three Times; the Door is opened by a venerable old Man.*]

Ven. Who are you Friend?

Rover. The poor Rover of *Aix-la-Chapell*; one who has rovd and ranbl'd Pilgrim like, in a meer Maze of Life thro' all the Skies, to enter *Jove's* Gates of Happiness.

Ven. There's nothing unclean, foul, or spotted, can ever have Admittance within these Gates: Go purge, wash, perfume, and bleech thy self as white as Snow; then call this Way again. Away with Speed; every Moment is of as much Value to thee as all the Treasure of the Skies. [*slaps to the Door.*]

Rover. Oh! all ye Gods, if there be one a Friend to Pity, lend me a Cloud's smallest Wing, to bear me to and fro in this vast Scope of Azure Sky; fly all round, and try yet to discover one Beam of Hope, one Light of Comfort, to free me from the Dæmons of Earth, Air, Water, and Fire, and let my tempestuous Fate be an everlasting Warning to the groveling Mortals below, who know not what they are doing.

*Thou bitter Worm, ambitious Nature's Sting,
Why didst thou baunt me to desert my Kin?*

With

With them I could have liv'd in home spun Gray,
Whilst now I've Cause to curse the treach'rous Day;
Good were my Wish, but yet a Wish too late;

The Heavens then might have preserv'd my Fate,
While Great Ones fall in Golden Chains of State.

[in a Pause] Ha! wash myself clean, and bleech as white as Snow! call this Way again! very pretty Advice! But I well remember, when I was a Moving Planet on the vile Earth, 'twas impossible to wash the Blackemore white; and I'm sure, 'tis as impossible for me ever to come this Way again. What can be done? to be at the very Gates of Jove's Happiness! what, no Stratagem to be used to get within? from the Inside of which I have often heard say, all are equal, and there can be no Return, —there's no other Way for't; with that little Courage and Strength I have left, I'll march to the other Gate, and knock boldly, as if I were Jove Himself; and if the Gates should be thrown wide open, I certainly will run quite in; by these Means secure my Happiness, which must be forever lost without *bonz* Courage. [goes up and knocks loud several Times in a hurry; the Door is thrown wide open; he runs in; a loud Crash of Musick, with Singing and Trumpets, to seem as if occasion'd by the opening of a Door.]

[Pause] Now let my ravish'd Soul proclaim Jove's Praise;

My Sight, too feeble, darn't approach his Rays!
The Glories here out-shine the bright Sky-Gods,
When wrapt in Clouds around these blest Abodes.
At length I've gain'd Admittance, all is well;
Here Peace and Innocence forever dwell.
Well for the World, if from Pencils given,
Just Lengths of Hell were drawn, and Scenes of Heav'n.

[A great Bustle behind the Scenes; they drive him out, crying, A Spy! a Spy!-----Where! where!-----Who is it?-----What is ----I see him now!-----Away with him, away with him!----What are you!----How by Stealth came this dark Angel here, for to inspect into our Being that is to us forever most dear?]

— Enough to all has been already sent;
Were our Seats seen, still some would not repent:
Tho' the dread Opposite's before their Eyes,
The Harden'd yet would fall, but few would rise.

----- But I am the Rover of Aix-la-Chapelle.

----- Room for the Rover in the darkest Cell. [flaps to the Door.

----- Was wretched Man e'er thus tofs'd to and fro!

No Rest in Paradise, no Rest below!
From Earth to Sky, and then from Heaven to Hell;
In vain I've try'd with Goddeses to dwell.

[M]

Whole Ages too short my Grief to reveal.

O *Jupiter*! now attend my last Call,

Or down like the Out-Cast forever I fall.

[*Pause*] All are deaf and forever dumb to me.

The wicked all shall have a View

Of what the Happy share with *Jove*;

A Hell forever must renew,

When known to lose the God of Love.

[*Pause*] Camels may creep thro' a small Needle's Eye,

As easy may Sharpers to these Gates apply.

The Rich Ones that hoard up their Wealth in Store,

Enter with equal Ease *Jove's* Palace-Door.

With airy Brains quite wild, wild fiery Eyes,

I'll thither where the Sun can never rise,

Since Gods insens'd, thus dart their Wrath divine.

I've heard, the Sun ne'er in the North can shine.

There Hell-born Devils have no Power to reign:

There I'll resolve all Heavens to disdain:

The want of Heat must infernal Malice tame;

Which, Salamander-like, expires without the Flame.

In cold Obstruction thus my Flesh shall rot,

Which by all *Pluto's* Fiends shall be forgot.

[*In Admiration*] Good Gods! Gods!

What Nymphs have I seen, plum'd with bespangl'd Trains;

Eager my Blood ran tickling thro' my Veins.

Since 'tis decreed, and thus from Bliss I'm driven,

One Rape should crown my Vice in *Jove's* own Heaven;

Infuse old Relicks giv'n by Drury Doxes,

Fill his Skies with old Gleets and dry Poxes.

I'd cuckold *Jove*, tho' he o'er Thunder reigns,

Before his Gods dash out my giddy Brains.

Then dance down to *Pluto*, the Son of his Sire;

To quench their own Flames they'll put out Hell Fire;

Drown Rogues and Whores all, where we must retire.

[*Pause*] But where's *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Milton*,

Immortal *Shakespeare*, and *Matthew Prior*,

Sir *Isaac* too, but he's soar'd higher?

I thought t'have seen each Poet here,

And yet behold! not one appear

In the high Mansions of the Skies;

They wish'd in *Westminster* to rise:

Pretenders vain to Wit and Art,

As Blindmen grope, wrote in the Dark,

And all their Works—not worth a Far!

[*Pause*] As to witty *Fargbar*, frenzy *Lee*,
Grubstreet *Brown*, and party *Gay*.
All Poetafters lofe the Day,
In Wit purfuing, run aftray,
And Madmen like, miftake the Way.
No Glutton, Gamefter, Punk, or Mifer.
All vain Impoftors downward fly,
And have no Records in the Sky.
Not one of thofe is feen with *Jove*.
Some ftrove for Glory, fome for Intereft ftrove,
And mifs'd the Roadway to his Seat above,

[*Pause*] The Happy all fit here enroll'd
In Letters Capital of Gold,
The Wicked All for to behold.
The fmalleft Vice or deftin'd Malice,
Appears as big as *Bladud's* Palace.
See the black Registers of Fate,
With Records fwelld of Small and Great,
Like Mountains to our Sight appear;
That dreadful Day advances near.

[*Pause*] Mount *Pope* on Whirlwinds Wings to me,
That Gods and Goddeffs he may fee;
Caft round his Eye, the Cras view;
All Nature here appears anew;
The Gofpel too, appears as true.
The Light ferene, all Thought fublime,
A Picture draw with Strokes divine.
The Text fhall be upon Salvation,
To fave poor Mortals from Damnation.
Bear it in Claps of Thunder to the World,
Before Mankind's to dread Destruction hurl'd.

[*Pause*] Stunn'd Poets they fnarl and grovel below,
Like Curs, becaufe little or nothing they know.
Scrub Comedies pelt and throw Dirt at each other,
As Bullies, Bawds, Pimps, about Whores make a Pother.
In Tragedy, too, like wild Affes they bray,
Of *Pompey* and *Cefar*, and th'old Siege of *Troy*,
And make fome Wretches think there are no Gods but they.
Your Mathematicians, pretending, grow wife,
Like Apes, thro' a Telescope peep at the Skies;
And all they can tell, or dare to presume,
Is, the Sun has no Motion, a World in the Moon:

[*Pause*] Thofe Mountains are Waves that roll high to their View;
The Moon is a Sea, and myfelf fwam it quite thro';

The Sun is no Bonfire fixt in the Skies
 Over Deists and Liars, it both Setts and Rise.
 The pale chilling Moon, and glorious bright Sun,
 With Fire and Water forever must run,
 Ungrateful, vile Man, to serve you alone.
 The Sun like a Monarch's obscure in Recess;
 The Moon, as his Queen, is true to her Chase:
 The Stars, like gay Courtiers, attend him by Day;
 When his Glory retreats, they all shine away;
 Frisk, frolick, dance, shoot, and like Lovers they play.
 [Pause] Big Clouds are Spring-Tides, that both flow and ebb,
 Draw Floods from the Moon, all Kingdoms to spread;
 Small onces, like Riv'lets, refreshing the Day,
 In sprinkling soft Showers disperse every way.
 You say, the Moon borrows her Light from the Sun,
 But your Sea to us appears as the Moon.
 When your Lower Sea floods at *Po*, *Nile*, and *Ganges*,
 Our Sea is at Ebb; Fools say the Moon changes.
 When your Sea grows empty, our Moon doth so swell,
 That the Conjurer cries, the Moon's at the Full.
 Yes, so it is at High-water, we know,
 Into Clouds, as in Rivers, it doth overflow.
 In *Egypt* low Waters can't make the Earth yield,
 But our Rivers and Tides serve every Field:
 [Pause] As two Buckets alternately sink in a Well,
 Whilst one Sea is emptying, the other will fill,
 No other Supply, but the same Water still.
 When our Moon disappears, sits down in the Sea,
 The Weight of her Body makes a Tide ev'ry way,
 As she mounts from her Seat the Waters back play;
 Great Motions return'd, make two Tides a-day:
 It's quite the reverse at high Floods and Springs,
 Whole Bodies rise high, and gradual descend.
 There are two Variations by the Equinox Sun,
 And you have two Spring-Tides to our One.
 All Water in Tubes will rise to the Fire;
 Perpendicular Rays allure the Tide higher.
 [Pause] When *Jove* plays his Thunder from off his high Tower,
 It cracks thro' the Clouds, and a Deluge will pour.
 The Sea when enrag'd, and surly Winds blow,
 Before either is calm, there's a small Ebb and Flow,
 Which is all the Account of Tides that you know.
 All Things are in Motion, whate'er you can name;
 The Sun you can see, Wind and Water's the same.

The Sun rules in Chief of all Planets that show;
The Moon has the Power of all Waters below.
[*Pause*] Slaves study no more, nor run to Despair;
Two opposite Seas make Matter of Air.
Their Motions just pois'd, admit of no Guide,
Two Seas make the Ebb and Flow of each Tide.
Eclipses and Comets, Hail, Snow, and Rain-bow,
And Jacks in the Lanthorn ev'ry Jack knows.
Then tattle no more of the Moon's Revolution;
Nor Axle-Tree Sun;--- to you it's Confusion.
This Truth be the Guide; so come to Conclusion.
Presumptuous vain Fools that study the Sky,
Make angry Gods they never can spy.
For Truth oft reports a notorious sad Lie.
See how the Moon-Calves stand in Amaze,
To find out the Increase and Decrease of Days.
Study yourselves, you poor Niddy-Noddies,
Let us alone with the Heavenly Bodies.
[*Pause*] With one single Look here all Things are known,
The Longitude, Latitude, Philosopher's Stone;
There's not a Woodcock comes out of the Moon,
Nor one of you all a right Thought can form.
All you that soar hither, and Destiny shun,
Perswade beggar Poets with Verse to have done,
Pick-pockets all till the Sky-Poet come.
Be well prepar'd at the Son of Jove's Call;
There's Tragick and Comick design'd for you all.
[*Pause*] The Rich Ones beguil'd me, and without Controul,
Prest'd on for Grandeur at the Expence of my Soul.
Curse them I dare; but oh! it is too late,
Welcome Destruction, welcome hapless Fate.
In Fire and Thunder I'll drive on my Fate,
My Dragon ride in Triumph to the Great,
Unless all Sinners from their Vice reform;
See Legions prepare to ride in the Storm:
Proserpine's Chariot by dark Angels drawn,
And busy Thousands stoke her Mansions warm.
[*Pause*] Be bold Volunteers, rank Cowards meet Death,
Could I play the Game there which I play'd on Earth!
Brave were the Attempt; now I fear to descend;
If 'prentic'd to Misery, my Term's without End.
In Sheets of Flame wrapt, no soothing Whores there,
Nor blinded in Joys, swim in Floods of the Fair.
Methinks I hear yelping, and other sad Sound;
To shun this dread Way, the Globe I tryed round.

The Sun is no Bonfire fixt in the Skies
 Over Deists and Liars, it both Setts and Rise.
 The pale chilling Moon, and glorious bright Sun,
 With Fire and Water forever must run,
 Ungrateful, vile Man, to serve you alone.
 The Sun like a Monarch's obscure in Recess;
 The Moon, as his Queen, is true to her Chase:
 The Stars, like gay Courtiers, attend him by Day;
 When his Glory retreats, they all shine away;
 Frisk, frolick, dance, shoot, and like Lovers they play.
 [Pause] Big Clouds are Spring-Tides, that both flow and ebb,
 Draw Floods from the Moon, all Kingdoms to spread;
 Small onces, like Riv'lets, refreshing the Day,
 In sprinkling soft Showers disperse every way.
 You say, the Moon borrows her Light from the Sun,
 But your Sea to us appears as the Moon.
 When your Lower Sea floods at *Po*, *Nile*, and *Ganges*,
 Our Sea is at Ebb; Fools say the Moon changes.
 When your Sea grows empty, our Moon doth so swell,
 That the Conjuror cries, the Moon's at the Full.
 Yes, so it is at High-water, we know,
 Into Clouds, as in Rivers, it doth overflow.
 In *Egypt* low Waters can't make the Earth yield,
 But our Rivers and Tides serve every Field:
 [Pause] As two Buckets alternately sink in a Well,
 Whilst one Sea is emptying, the other will fill,
 No other Supply, but the same Water still.
 When our Moon disappears, sits down in the Sea,
 The Weight of her Body makes a Tide ev'ry way,
 As she mounts from her Seat the Waters back play;
 Great Motions return'd, make two Tides a-day:
 It's quite the reverse at high Floods and Springs,
 Whole Bodies rise high, and gradual descend.
 There are two Variations by the Equinox Sun,
 And you have two Spring-Tides to our One.
 All Water in Tubes will rise to the Fire;
 Perpendicular Rays allure the Tide higher.
 [Pause] When *Jove* plays his Thunder from off his high Tower,
 It cracks thro' the Clouds, and a Deluge will pour.
 The Sea when enrag'd, and surly Winds blow,
 Before either is calm, there's a small Ebb and Flow,
 Which is all the Account of Tides that you know.
 All Things are in Motion, whate'er you can name;
 The Sun you can see, Wind and Water's the same.

The Sun rules in Chief of all Planets that shew;
The Moon has the Power of all Waters below.
[*Pause*] Slaves study no more, nor run to Despair;
Two opposite Seas make Matter of Air.
Their Motions just 'pois'd, admit of no Guide,
Two Seas make the Ebb and Flow of each Tide.
Eclipses and Comets, Hail, Snow, and Rain-bow,
And Jacks in the Lanthorn ev'ry Jack knows.
Then tattle no more of the Moon's Revolution;
Nor Axle-Tree Sun;--- to you it's Confusion.
This Truth be the Guide; so come to Conclusion.
Presumptuous vain Fools that study the Sky,
Make angry Gods they never can spy.
For Truth oft reports a notorious sad Lie.
See how the Moon-Calves stand in Amaze,
To find out the Increase and Decrease of Days.
Study yourselves, you poor Niddy-Noddies,
Let us alone with the Heavenly Bodies.
[*Pause*] With one single Look here all Things are known,
The Longitude, Latitude, Philosopher's Stone;
There's not a Woodcock comes out of the Moon,
Nor one of you all a right Thought can form.
All you that soar hither, and Destiny shun,
Perswade beggar Poets with Verse to have done,
Pick-pockets all till the Sky-Poet come.
Be well prepar'd at the Son of *Jove's* Call;
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Unless all Sinners from their Vice reform;
See Legions prepare to ride in the Storm:
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Nor blinded in Joys, swim in Floods of the Fair.
Methinks I hear yelping, and other sad Sound;
To shun this dread Way, the Globe I tryed round.

What, never breathe more in vital sweet Air!
 Nor the Fountain of Love to lull my Despair!
 My Conscience by Gaming receiv'd this sharp Wound;
 In all Places Hell I ever since found.

[*Pause*] The Life of Man how swift 'tis run,
 As shooting Stars or setting Sun.

The Prize is lost that might been won;
 My Soul is faint, my Spirit's gone,
 Forever lost, and all is done.

Hell be kind; I come, I come, all to thee,
 Never, never to be free.

[*It thunders; he's raving mad again, fancying he's going down to exquisite Torments.*]

O nail me, bolt me, rivit me, screw me fast on the Brink of
 this Precipice ere 'tis too late: I am now at the last Period of
 my Eternal Fate;

If an Inch I slip, into low Flames I fly,
 And forever plunge in the burning Sky.

Here comes the Charmer, Queen of Heat. [*thunders.* Proserp. and Rov.
 Hail, Prince of unextinguish'd Fire! *in View of Aud.*

Farewel to this oriental Seat;

together.

'Tis now to meet thee is my Desire.

Pluto from the Stage. Welcome, my Friend; Gamesters come without Fear
 Pray Sir, descend, you must come nigher.

Your best of Acquaintance already are here.

The rest of your Gang I'll pile in one Fire.

Rov. Now stands the Slave quite self-condemn'd;

Once King of Vice, and Root of Evil.

Low at your Feet I beg and bend,

To be transform'd into a Devil.

Proser. Oh! that Request can never be,

In Regions doom'd to eternal Malice.

From our great Lord I beg that he

May make thee Porter to our Palace.

Rov. A thousand Thanks on my bare Knees I pay,

For this your great and Royal Favour.

Down to the Shades let's haste without Delay;

To grace the Post I will endeavour. [*thunders.*]

[*He goes down in falling Fire (as in the Tempest) on the Dragon's Back, roaring. The Front Part of the Stage darken'd. Proserpine descends with him in Machinery, to represent a Chariot and Horses. Other small Figures fly to and fro over the Stage. More on the Stage, to represent Pluto and other Spirits, singing; some stoking, to welcome the Triumph.*]

Ha, ha, it raps! it cracks! it bellows! it rolls! it roars! it founds! such Peals as these shake all the Regions round.—

O *Etna!*——— *Vesubius!*——— *Strombolo!*——— *Poo!*——— *Ganges!*——— and *Nile's Floods!*——— *Floods!* forever *Floods!*——— No *Fire!*——— Let *Mountains* burn! let *Fountains* play higher!—*Fire-Balls!* *Cat wawls,* *Dragon calls,* *Dog howls,* *Teeth grin'd,* *Discord sign'd* of all *Kinds;*——— *Horror sounds,* *Sinners burn,* let me be *drown'd.*——— I *burn!* I *burn!* my mad *Brains* are *scorching* to *Ashes;* with *Eyeballs* too, like *Lightning Flashes.*——— Oh! my *Great Master,* I'm come, I'm come; your *World* is hotter than the *burning Sun.*——— No more *Brimstone,* no more *Sulphur,* no more *Smoak,* no more *Fire;* grant but this, 'tis all I desire.——— Ha, ha, they *plunge!* we *roll!* they *twist!* they *shriek* in *Flames!* and ever trying for to *expire,* which only helps for to *augment* the *Fire.* [*he leaps off the Dragon's Back, and runs mad about the Stage for some Time, crying*] Oh! hot, hot, hot, hot, Oh! hot, hot, hot, hot, &c. [*makes a full Look at the Audience*] 'tis most *damnable* hot. All take care that you never, never come here. [*runs quite off the Stage.*] †

Enter Sir Humphry just before he runs off the Stage.

Sir Hump. Zounds! this *Joke* is carried too far; he's now *raving* mad: I fear I shall never get him *sober* enough to sign the *Bond of Performance* that he has *promis'd* me: But I'll after him, and try what's to be done; and soon convince him that he has not been in *Hell,* and make him believe he may never go there.

That Ghost or Devil which he has found

May be worth to me some Thousand Pound.

[Exit.

[*Where there's not Convenience to play it with a Rising Stage, Goddeses, Musick, and Thunder, he knocks at the Stage Door in his Lightness, and fancies he hears and sees all that's repeated.*

Enter Old Dry-Skin, Thin-Blood and Lappey.

Dry. Well, Brothers, in what *Condition* did you find the *Rover* and *Captain?*

Thin. Oh! just as you said, both upon their *Knees* at *Confession* and *Prayers;* but such *Confession* and *Prayers* none but the *Devil* ever heard, and they stunk like the *Dissection* of a *foul Body.*

Dry. The *Rover* has *confess'd* himself a greater *Villain* than I

† *All Observations in a Sky-Piece will bear Verse: Every Thing that's suppos'd to be there, must be sublime and harmonious; otherwise it would have been drawn in Prose.*

Note, If this Entertainment is perform'd as the Author design'd it, a Representation of the Two Great Opposites will both be in View at once.

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 Nor the Fountain of Love to lull my Despair!
 My Conscience by Gaming receiv'd this sharp Wound;
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If an Inch I slip, into low Flames I fly,
 And forever plunge in the burning Sky.

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 —and Nile's Floods!——Floods! forever Floods!—— No Fire!
 —Let Mountains burn! let Fountains play higher!—Fire-Balls!
 Cat wawls, Dragon calls, Dog howls, Teeth grin'd, Discord
 sign'd of all Kinds;—— Horror sounds, Sinners burn, let me be
 drown'd.—— I burn! I burn! my mad Brains are scorching
 to Ashes; with Eyeballs too, like Lightning Flashes.——Oh! my
 Great Master, I'm come, I'm come; your World is hotter than
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Dr. It's very right; but that incurable Grief swims uppermost that I can't be merry: My poor Child is so unfortunately married I know not what to do with my Riches; had I not any I could be happy: I believe it often proves a Snare to others as well as me. I have not seen poor *Sherley* since I came to Town; *Laphey*, do you go and fetch her, she's but in the next Room; but first tell her, that she may not come here frighten'd, the Reason of my Absence.

Lap. Sir, it shall be done to your Will.

[*Exit.*

Thin. I can't help laughing to think what a Condition these poor Devils are in: They as much believe you came from Hell, as I know you was never there.

Dry. I manag'd it exceeding well; but poor *Sherley* is always in my Thoughts, or I could be heartily merry at it; but when I think my Money wou'd have been lost too, had I not play'd this Prank, that gives me some Comfort.

Enter Laphey, Miss Sherley, and her Maid Lucy.

[*Sherley runs to her Father, and falls on her Knees, then craves his Blessing.*

Dry. Oh! Child, I give thee my Blessing with a sorrowful Heart.

[*he takes her by the Hand, she rises.*

Sher. Why so, Sir? I hope I have done nothing to offend since your Absence, altho' your ungenerous Fright has driven me into such Confusion, that I scarce know what I've done.

Dry. Dear Child, I must confess it a Fault, but was over curious in knowing how you'd manage after my Death: I repent of it; but alas! it's now too late, the very Villain I always dreaded you have married.

Sher. Sir, whoever told you so, has given a false Information; I'm not married; but that *Rover* to whom you recommended me, I believe he's a false Man: A Match he propos'd, I discover'd an uncommon Eagerness, suspected him to be an Impostor: In my disorder'd Thoughts I did give him a Promise, but on Second Consideration prevail'd with *Lucy* to put it in Execution; accordingly she did, and was married at the Time; but who the Man is, or what, neither of us can tell; nor he knows nothing to the contrary but he's married to me, our being both of a Stature, 'twas done with little Difficulty.

Dev. Oh! all ye Gods of transporting Joy, my Soul from Body will fly away. [*eagerly clasps her in his Arms*] Oh! my dear Child! this News is too great to be true.

Sher. Indeed, Father, 'tis true; *Lucy* can tell you he is now her Husband, and nobody knows it but She and I.

Lucy. Indeed, Master, Miss is the same as when you left her, and I am married: If you please I'll send for my Husband, or call him, now you are here to take my Part. As you are a Stranger, pray ask when he comes, which of us two is his Wife.

Dry. Oh! all you Angels of Heavens high,

My ready wing'd Soul will flap the Sky.

Pray send or go this Minute, that I may be no longer in Pain. If it be true, I'll do somewhat to perpetuate my Memory.

[*Exit Lucy for her Husband.*]

Lap. and Thin. We are both as much amazed and pleased, as you can be; and are astonish'd at her youthful Art and Conduct; if it be true, she's the Wonder of the Age in this Plot against two such noted Juglers.

[*Enter Sir Humphry and three Sharpers.*]

Sir Hum. I just came from the *Rover*, and since I saw you, he has been raving mad.

Lum. Pray, what occasion'd it?

Sir Hum. I believe by his Talk he fancies he has seen the Devil; or to be sure he has receiv'd some damn'd Bugbear Fright; or 'tis like, somebody have put a Trick upon him. I over-heard him at a long rambling sort of a Confession of a devilish Sight of Vices he has committed. Faith, I stept in to know the Meaning; there was he all over Confusion, sweating and stinking like the Devil, or as if he had been turn'd Inside out.

Brief. I am sorry to hear it of the poor *Rover*.

Sir Hum. And hearing of him so inclinable to Confession, Faith, I asked him whether he thought he had won my Large Bet fair: He immediately reply'd that he did not, and would not part with me till I had accepted of his Bond upon his Will, to pay it to me or my Executors after his Death. As soon as I had accepted of his Proposal, he starts into a Fit of Madness, runs up into the Dining-Room, and happen'd to hear Musick from a Wedding just over the Way; his Servants and I follow him with Candles; there was the damdest Piece of Work I ever saw; he raved and foam'd, declaring himself to be in the Skies at the Gates of *Jove's* Seat; crying that the Chair-Frames were polish'd Silver, the Nobs Brilliant Diamonds, Tables Massy Gold: He cast his Eye into the Room where they were dancing; then he seem'd wilder than ever, and would have it,

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Sir Hum. And hearing of him so inclinable to Confession, Faith, I asked him whether he thought he had won my Large Bet fair: He immediately reply'd that he did not, and would not part with me till I had accepted of his Bond upon his Will, to pay it to me or my Executors after his Death. As soon as I had accepted of his Proposal, he starts into a Fit of Madness, runs up into the Dining-Room, and happen'd to hear Musick from a Wedding just over the Way; his Servants and I follow him with Candles; there was the damdest Piece of Work I ever saw; he raved and foam'd, declaring himself to be in the Skies at the Gates of *Jove's* Seat; crying that the Chair-Frames were polish'd Silver, the Nobs Brilliant Diamonds, Tables Massy Gold: He cast his Eye into the Room where they were dancing; then he seem'd wilder than ever, and would have it,

that their great Branch of Candles were the Sun, the small ones Stars, the Punch-Bowl the Moon, the Men when dancing Gods, the Women Godesses, the Noise of their Feet Thunder, their Musick and Singing the Harmony of Paradise: One of the Fiddlers came out of the Gallery, that he said, was *Jove* descending from his Tower to the rest of the Gods and Godesses, his Fiddle-bow a Wand wav'd to him, the Curtain Clouds, and so on, that in short we could not tell what to do with him: We made fast the Window-Shutters, and all of us resolv'd to humour him in every thing he fancied: Then he run to one of the Gates of Paradise, as he call'd it, begging to be admitted amidst the Gods. I stept within, pretending to be a Door-keeper in the Skies, and allow'd all he said to be true; and that all that had not perform'd their Duty on Earth, came here both foul and spotted, and must return again: He rav'd a thousand Times worse than ever; runs away to the other Bed-Chamber-Door, and knocks as loud as he could: I bid one of his Servants step in and throw that wide open; there he hears the Musick again louder than ever: The Sashes being up for Air, he looks full in amongst all the Company; he declar'd he was in Paradise, but his Eyes were so weak that he could not behold *Jove* for the bright Rays around him. We were obliged to drive him from thence, and call'd him a Spy, for fear he should leap out of the Window. He cried that all Men were to have a View of Happiness, to make their Miseries the greater. And run on, I suppose, by the Strength of Imagination, that he was in the Skies. Such a Poetical Ramble about the Sun, Moon, and Stars, the Ebbing and Flowing of the Tide, satyrizing, and burlesquing of all the Poets and Mathematicians, crying, they were Asses and Fools, and knew nothing; and seem'd very angry because he could not see one of them there. Faith, at last, we began almost to think that he was a Sky-God, by his unaccountable Way of Talking. At these Disappointments, and his Conscience telling him that he could have no Admittance, nothing would serve, but he would go a Volunteer to the Low Regions, thinking to find the more Favour, I suppose. He call'd for his Dragon, *Proserpine*, her Chariot, Horses, and all her Attendance, to go down with him. We all concluded 'twas best to humour him, thinking it might be the proper Means to bring him to his Senses again. We sent to a Sadler for a carved Lion, gets a Negro Scullion Wench out of a Neighbour's Kitchen, the Turn-spit Dog, the great Gibb Cat, and three or four Kittens; sent for Ropes, lash'd the black Wench in a great Chair, hung on some Pictures, to represent Horses; fixt Ropes to the Head and Tail of the Dragon; tyes the Cats and Dog

round the Middle; persuades the *Rover* into the Bellcony; he mounts the Lion; so we let him and his Equipage down in the Street altogether. I roar'd to mimick the Dragon; others drumming the Wainscott like Thunder; the Dog howling, the Cat wawling; the Mob laughing; others hallowing; we flung the Candles after him. Faith, altogether, it made as comical a Hell as a Man would wish to see. But just before the *Rover* went off he made us laugh heartily: Nothing seem'd to grieve him, but that he could not commit a Rape in the Skies, and infuse Fire into the Element of Love; and under sad Fears there was never a Whore in Hell: The Black Wench humour'd him as we directed, and told him he should have a Post: He seem'd pleas'd, and paid her great Compliments, begging he might be turn'd into a Devil: She said, that could not be, but he should be Porter to her Palace. One of the Street Mob bid him welcome, and he went off chearfully; but when he found there was no real Fire, he soon came to himself, and sign'd me an absolute Bond for all the Money.

Cogg. Oh! Heavens! you astonish me. Why, the old Fool is certainly mad indeed, or else he's afraid of being Devil dragg'd at last. But how could he expect any other after such a Course of Life as he has led.

Lum. I suppose Sir *Humphry* banters.

Brief. Yes, yes, 'tis nothing but a Banter of Sir *Humphry*'s.

Sir Hum. By my Soul, 'tis not a Banter; for here's his Bond for all the Money: *Cogg-Dye*, read it. [gives it to *Cogg-Dye*.]

Cog. reads. 'Tis certainly true; and I would give 50 Pounds to know the Meaning of it. He always doated on a Whore in his Lifetime; but it's surprizing, that he should speak of one at that Interim.

[*Dry-Skin* listens to their Discourse, and Smiles.

Dry. Gentlemen, Pardon me for breaking in; if you'll have but a little Patience, it will be worth your hearing; you shall know all from First to Last: I expect him here every Minute with my new-made Son-in-Law.

Sir Hump. With all our Hearts; we'll stay if it be an Hour. [*aside*] Now will I try whether these Gamesters cheated me or not, as the *Rover* declar'd in his Fright. Come, Gentlemen, we'll sport a little Money at Hazard, to divert ourselves till the *Rover* comes.

Gamesters all speak.] With all our Hearts, Sir *Humphry*.

Sir Hum. What shall us do for a Box and Dice?

Lum. *Cogg-Dye* use to have a Pair of Baggamon Dice; and I have an old Box that I brought from the Rooms t'other Night.

[they all draw round the Table, and pull out Rucks and Rollos of Gold, Sir Humphry a Wisp of Bills.]

Sir Hum. This is very lucky, your happening to have the Tatats about you.

Cog. I was ever such a Lover of the Game, I often play the Right Hand against the Left, to divert the Time.

Sir Hum. That must be very insipid. Throw a Main.

Lum. There goes a Main, Who sets upon Seven? Seven is the Main. *[they all set]* Now my little Favourites, Eleven nicks it. *[throws out]* Thunder crack the Box.

Sir Hum. There goes a Main. Six is the Main, Gentlemen. *[they all set very eagerly]* Six the Main. Six or a Dozen. Oh! my little Biddy Boys. Six or a Dozen. A Nick.

Brief. Um, Lightning blast his Luck, and sinder-scorch the Dice. *[biting the Candlestick.]*

Sir Hum. Five's the Main. There goes a Main. A little more Money.

Cog. Damn the Main. I don't like it.

Sir Hum. There goes the Chance. Duce-Ace.

Gamest. Out, Sir Humphry.

Sir Hum. Well off the Hand. What's your Money? *[they all put their Hands over their Money, drop more out of the Palm, and give it a Shake, then push it to Sir Humphry]* There, count your own self, Sir Humphry.

Sir Hum. Zounds! why this looks as much again as it did when you set it.

Cog. Po, po, There's nothing in it, Sir Humphry, 'tis only the Reflexion of the Candles being at a Distance.

[All speak] Sir Humphry, You have known our Way of Play a great while; and would scorn to do any Thing but upon the Square.

Sir Hum. There's but few Gamesters scorn winning, and I don't much like it; but indeed, I have not the best of Eye-sight. Who throws a fresh Main?

Brief. There goes a Main. Nine's the Main. More Money. *[they set him, and play briskly all round upon the Square with all the Variety of Expressions, as becomes a losing Gamester.]* Sir Humphry wins their Money.

Lum. Earthquake gulp the Table. This damn Game's the Bane of all Peace.

Cog. Dear Devil, snuff the Candles, or I shall never see to win more. Six is the Main. More Money. Eight's the Chance,

Gentlemen. *[all set. He secures a Six. Sir Humphry claps his Hand over the Box, catches it up.]* You Monster, here's

but one Dice in the Box. *They all leap up.* Upon our Honours, there were two, but you hit one out in catching up the Box. What a Plague's the matter with you? I never saw you so peevish before; 'tis a Slavery to play with you.

Sir Hum. I have lost a damn'd Sight of Money lately. I tho't by the Rattle there had been but one Dice in the Box. I ask Pardon. I never found that you offer'd any thing unfair yet.

[All speak] Nor never will, *Sir Humphry*, take our Honours for't. *[they play briskly round, and Sir Humphry wins their Money.]*

Lum. [aside] Zounds! we must not Top nor Lump him any more. I fear some starv'd Thief or other has let him into the Secret. Clap in a Pair of Doctors, and Load him, that's the safest Way. *[they change the Dice at Play. Cogg-Dye holds several Hands. Sir Humphry catches up the Dice. You are all Monsters, Villains, Thieves and Cheats. They are loaded Dice, for I saw Cogg-Dye change them at Play. Making a loud Noise. Rogues! Cut-Throats! Incendiaries! They all close in to him, endeavouring to take the Dice from him, and to pacify his Noise. He crys Help! Help! Murder! &c. and keeps them off. All the Actors (except the Captain, Lucy, and Mar) run in a hurry to his Assistance, What's the Matter, &c.]*

Sir Hum. Gentlemen, these three Sharpers have trick'd me out of several Thousand Pounds by false Dice, and I have found 'em upon them. Here, Waiter, bring a Hatchet, and you shall see the Lead cut out of 'em.

Sharpers all. Gentlemen, 'tis a most notorious Lie, he brought them himself on purpose to trick us out of our Money, and we are all ready to swear it before any Justice of Peace.

Sir Hum. 'Tis no such Thing, they are all common Thieves; and the Rover affirm'd to me before, for which I thank him. I spake it to his Face; let him deny it if he can. And farther, That you Poll'd me, Sided me, Clip'd, Scoop'd me. Had all this not have done, you intended to have took my Purse, and cut my Throat.

Sharpers. Rover, If this be true, Ingratitude is a Crime of the blackest Dye. Had it not been for us, you never would have got a Shilling of your own Bet. Speak for thy self, if there is Honour enough left in thee to be a Man.

Rov. I must confess, that in my Fright, and when I thought that the Devil-Snappers were in waiting for me, I did tell *Sir Humphry* what you told me, and had no other Way to parry them but by that, and making my Will to give it all back again to *Sir Hum.* or his Executors; and don't doubt but either of you

would have done the same, had you been in half the Confusion that I was.

All Three in a most violent Passion. Is this the Reward for our Favours done you in the utmost Distress?

Cor. Sir Hum. This Judas of a Man that has deceiv'd us, confess'd, that he got your Money by Sixing, Twelving, Solepeeping, and Stoning of you; and to convince you of the Truth, we'll search him. He has all his Devils about him; he never goes without. The Load-stone is sewed into the Knee of his Breeches. *[they run and seize on the Rover; he cries, Help! Murder, &c. What are you going to robb me too? makes a Struggle; they pick his Pockets. There, Sir Humphry, is his Load-stone, and Screws to run thro' the Table; and here's his Spring-box with the Looking-glass in the In-side; and there are his Dice, some Chain'd together by Hairs, to run Sixes and Twelves every time.*

[lays them on the Table.

Sir Hum. O Heaven! what will they discover next? These are such Things I thought Man could not invent. How have I been used?

Rov. Sir Humphry, and Gentlemen, these Three Villains that have us'd me thus, never go without all Sorts of Tackle to ruin Mankind. Cogg-Dye has half a Dozen false Boxes---
Brief-Cut Eight or Ten Packs of Clip'd Cards; and Lump-Stakes a whole Pocket-full of false Dice. As they have search'd me, I beg a general Search, to convince you of the Truth.---
[all cry, a general Search, &c. Guthall, Clear-Bottom, Rover, and Sir Humphry, search 'em one at a Time; they struggle, &c. Rover takes out Eight or Ten Packs of Cards, lays them on the Table. Six Boxes from Cogg-Dye; a double handful of Dice from Lump-stakes, &c. All gather round the Table in Admiration, lifting up their hands; some examining, others talking of the Villany; the Gamesters not able to speak; Sir Humphry raving about the Stage, almost as mad as the Rover was before him. Sir Humphry catches up the Boxes stamps them in Pieces; throws away the Dice; Pelts the Sharppers as they retreat all round the Stage with the Cards, crying, Dogs, Rogues, Villains, Robbers, that ruin Families. Kill 'em, &c. All interfere, begging Sir Humphry to moderate his Passion, desiring him never to Play any more. Gaming was ever counted a Cheat, but no Invention ever came up to that of the Load-stone. [they run a Serew thro' the Table, put the Load-stone under it, nick every Time, crying, Good Gods! Gods! this must ruin Kingdoms.

Sir Hum. a little recover'd. O damn all their Crew. Had it not been for the Rover, I should have been ruin'd. O bloody-minded Dogs; they look as if they wanted to be cutting Throats.

Cog. aside] I say, if it had not been for the *Rover*, too! where we have ruin'd One, he has ruin'd Ten by that Invention of the Load-stone.

Brief. Don't talk so loud, I fear you'll make him mad again.

Lum. We'll have some Talk with him and by, when he's a little come to himself.

Sir Hum. What's here! what *Capt. Puff* and *Croop*! two of as honest Fellows as ever jig'd in the Air.

Puff. *Sir Hum.* Don't be angry with us, we never won but little of your Money.

Sir Hum. No, you Man-eaters; but you have contrived Banks, that the Odds will ruin all that play at 'em, which make Family Misfortunes.

Sir Hum. What old *Thrifty* too! the Sen. Den-keeper of Blasphemy. What's the Devil not ready for thee yet?

Thr. There's an old Proverb at Gaming; The Loser must have Leave to speak. But I never play. What can you be angry with me for?

Sir Hum. No, but you keep the Nurseries of all Sorts of Vice, therefore must be the real Father of Iniquity. The Bawd don't whore, but procures every Necessary for them that do, which makes the Crime ten Times greater than a common Gamester that sharps for Bread; and am surpriz'd the Earth don't open and swallow up the House you keep. So *Safety*, I suppose you make every Thing sure, and to go to Heaven in a Chariot, because you are used to turning the honest Wheel of Fortune.

Saf. Sir, I can help nothing in Winning or Losing, being but a Servant that never wrong any body.

Sir Hum. I confess I never heard that you did, but on the contrary, that you was very honest. What are these two little Boys [*pointing*] your Fellow-Servants? I suppose so, training up under *Thrifty*.

Saf. Yes, Sir, and are very tractable already.

Sir Hum. Ah! poor Children, tractable in the Ready Road to Destruction of Body and Soul.

1st Boy. Indeed, Sir, I see so many wicked Things at our House, that all the People that belong to it must go to Old Nick. There's so much Gaming, Cursing, Swearing, and lude Talk of a Sunday, it makes me tremble. And in the Private Rooms Gentlemen towfel the Ladies, by pulling about their Hair, pulling off their Handkerchiefs, rumpling all their Petticoats and making them look so hot, as if they were just come out of the Bath; and sometimes they are as close together as Twins. It makes me shame-fac'd. And when I tell my Ma-

ster and Mistress, they laugh, and cry, Little Blockhead, you may see, but not say any thing; they won't hurt one another. Gentlemen and Ladies must play so, or we shall have no Business.

2d Boy. Sir, and at Night Master and Mistress do so laugh in telling over the Money they get, and make sport of all the Gentlemen that lose it, by giving them Nick-Names. You, Sir, they call Sir *Weaklyhairbrains*; but your Name is not so. That Gentleman [*pointing to the Rover*] the Old Chopping-Block. There's another Gentleman with a Blue String round his Shoulders, of the finest Sense in the World; he's call'd Sir *Trnocking Square-Face*, King of their Bubbles, and ready to fight who can get him. If a Man has a round Belly, with a full Face, he's call'd Sir *Tunbellybullet*. If a tall Man with a thin Face, Sir *Shamakinburdledame*. So that there's no Stature or Look can escape them. The Ladies are call'd a Pack of Butterfly Pifs-tails, that make a great Show without Money, and many not worth House-Room; and those that follow them that won't play, are curs'd and call'd *Jackadandycloutface*. None escape them without one ugly Name or other. So Tommy and I do intend to go away from all their ungrateful wicked Ways, and seek our Fortunes. Money is got so wicked, that some of the Religious poor House-keepers wont accept of their Charity; that vexes them sadly: And they have the Curses of all Trades People for hurting their Shops.

Sir Hum. Goods Boys. You are in the right to leave them; 'twill save you from Destruction. That must attend all that's concern'd with 'em. Pray, who are these two ungodly-looking Fellows?

Thin. Sir Hum. they are two great Epicures, that have greedily eat and drank up Fifteen Hundred a Year betwixt them; and were it not for the Town-Fragments, they would eat one another.

Gut. You lying old Pinchgut Miser, we never had above half the Estate.

Clear. But I believe the Devil will eat you as he hath Old Dry-Skin, your Fellow.

Lap. That's false, for Mr. Dry-Skin is now alive, and there he stands.

[*all stare at Dry-Skin.*]

Sir Hum. Glutony is an unpardonable Sin; but they hurt nobody but themselves, if no Family. What! I suppose these gay Ladies come for the Benefit of Procreation. Their Husbands stand a fine Chance by the towling Account the little Boys give.

Head. Sir, none of your Airs. We come for the Benefit of our Waters, as other Ladies do.

Sir Hum. Yes, so I suppose, or the Passage where they spring thro',

Rinus. You Gentlemen are very satyrical and ill-natur'd on the Ladies.

Gut. Sure, Mr. *Dry-Skin*, 'tis impossible it should be you.

Enter Captain Phenix, Lucy, and his old Friend Mar, who came to England to give him Joy on his Success, interrupts them.

Thin. Captain, your Servant.

Capt. What the Devil's the meaning of all this Crowd?

Thin. Here has been a great Quarrel betwixt Gamesters that have sharp'd a Gentleman out of his Money. Captain, Pardon me for the Question. Pray, which of these two Gentlewomen is your Wife?

Capt. What means your asking this impertinent Question?

Lap. 'Tis no ways impertinent; this Gentleman and I are Trustees to her Father's Will, and it may be in our Power to do you Service.

Capt. Gentlemen, I ask Pardon, I did not know you again, seeing you but once: This was Father *Dry-Skin*'s Daughter; and since his Death she is now my Wife. [*takes Lucy by the Hand.*]

Dry. Hold me! hold me! 'tis all I desire,
Or else in Rapture I shall now expire!

[*Dry-Skin is in a Rapture, and the Rover in as much Confusion to see him living after he gave him the Fright from Hell; the Captain and all the rest stand amaz'd.*]

Dry. Lappey, Take this Key, fetch a Thousand Pound Bag; go and alarm all the City Drums; beat up for Volunteers; raise me a Cavalcade of a Hundred; let them be taught their Exercise, provide them Arms, put them in Regimental Dress; I'll celebrate all his Majesty's Rejoicing-Days throughout the Year: Kill me Eight fat Oxen, let Four of them be roasted at once, the Fifth barbecu'd, the Sixth stuff with precious Stones, the Seventh hung round with Chicken, let the Eighth be given to the Poor: Order Four Hogsheads of Strong Beer, plant one at every Gate of the City; alarm all the Country: I'll give rich Prizes; let the Four manly Exercises be perform'd; order a Hogshead of Punch to be plac'd on the Stage: Let there be Fire-Works to celebrate every Night: My Clothes shall be as rich as Silver and Gold can make it: To be short, I'll give the same Celebrations as when Princess *Amelia* was at BATH; then his Majesty will wave his Sword over my Head, Arise Sir *Jeffery Dry-Skin*;---- but I won't be positive of that, because there was no Notice taken of the Original Performer.

Capt. What old Fellow is that? surely he's mad by his rambling way of Talking.

Thin. That old Fellow, as you call him, is the real Father of this young Lady Miss *Dry-Skin*, to whom we thought you were married; and at the Return of his Retirement from the Country finds that instead of your being married to his Daughter, you have married his Maid; that's the Occasion of his Transport; and for Joy that you are deceived, he has a Mind to spend a Thousand in the Manner he repeated.

Capt. Heaven forbid! the *Rover* told me he was in Hell: I'm sure we saw his Ghost, and the Devil along with him.

Dry. Sir, that Ghost and Devil was artificial, compar'd to you and your Associate: I contriv'd it to put a Terror upon your wicked Proceedings for the Good of your Souls.

Rover. By Heavens! I'm transported with Joy at the News, as well as you are at your Daughter's not being married. He gave me a damnable Fright; and I was plaguly afraid of going to the Devil. Cou'd I afford it, I'd spend a Thousand in the same Celebrations. Sir *Humphry*, you have bit me confoundedly; and I'll have my Bond again.

Sir Hump. It is Bite for Bite, by your own Confession. You shall never have it.

[*they all burst out laughing.*]

Capt. Is this the End of Fortune-Hunting, to be married to your Maid?

Rover looks hard in *Lucy's Face*] 'Tis certainly so, Captain, I'm deceiv'd, and we are both damnably bit. This Plot was contrived by that old Rogue *Dry-Skin*, on Purpose to expose me and ruin my Executors. If there be a Devil, as I hope there's none, may Hell gape wide, and swallow that old Villain to quick Damnation.

There may he be tumbled as Thunder roll,

In Fire and Lightning to chill his Soul;

Then let Hell shake the darkest Sky

To his trembling Matter that shall never die.

Sir Hump. Why, *Rover*, this is a greater Bite upon the *Capt.* and you, than it was upon me, when these Three Sharpers bit me out of the Fourteen Hundred a Year at one Sitting, that you told me.

Rov. May all such unparallel'd Baseness be rewarded with nothing but Devil-Catchers and their Attendance; and if there be one Glimpse of Light in the next World, may there be not one Gleam of Comfort shine upon thee, but darker and darker, and forever dark let it be.

And the Devil will drag all Four or Three.

[*all the Actors repeat it several Times after, Sir Humphry laughing.*]

Sir Hump. From this Time will I be reclaim'd from all Sorts of

Gaming, and never will throw a Dice more, and would advise all Mankind to do the same; for these Hell-Hounds that follow it, want nothing but Tails and Cloven Feet to compleat them Devils. The *Rover* was Devil-scar'd to Honesty, to him I wish free Pardon and Mercy: As to them three Hell-Spawns,

May Darkneſs cheat them as they have cheated me,
And ſtruggle in Chains, never to be free.

Rover. I wou'd repent, but I fear too late.

Sir Hum. 'Tis never too late;

Now then begin, or never hope to gain.

Fortune jilts where there is no lucky Main.

Fate, do thy worſt, for if with Gods we play,

They're Debts of Honour, let the Devil pay;

But great's the Odds to nick their happy Day.

This Crown to win, you muſt play no baſe Tricks.

'Twas never once yet won by Gameſters Wits.

Sham Dice not ſquare, can never be forgiven,

You muſt not Top, Shuffle or Cut, nor Levant your Way
to Heaven.

Rov. What, Zounds! why you bar all the ſinking Odds,

I will ſecure one, tho' I play with Gods;

Or ſhall throw out, by all that's good and juſt:

'Tis neither Gods, nor Son at play I'll truſt,

When my Soul's ſafe Devil's may do their worſt.

Befides,—

As muſing I rang'd, ſcar'd out of my Wits,

I dreamt of a change, in the Year Thirty-Six.

Our time is too ſhort on the Square to play with c'm;

I'll uſe all my Art to win the Millennium.

Sir Hum. If Dreams ſhould prove true to all Calculations,

'Tis time for each of us to make Preparations.

Cog. Sure thou haſt no Hopes of any Salvation. [*to the Rover.*

Brief. What, wou'd'ſt thou cheat the Devil after all Mankind?

Lum. I ſuppoſe 'tis his next Deſign, by giving *Sir Hum.* a Re-
funding Bond.

Rov. There's not one of you but will ſqueak as I have done,
when your Conſcience begins to ſting: And take it as a Favour
that *Sir Hum.* or his Executors will accept of it when you come
to die, or you never can go to Heaven.

Cog. You are a lying falſe old frighten'd Coward; the Devil
ſhall run Conſcience thro' my Liver before I'll be a Refunding
Cull, as thou haſt been. Suppoſe we did not win it fair; 'twas
Sir Humphry's Buſineſs to take Care to prevent it.

Lump. Brother *Brief-Cut*, I will refund at my Death to *Sir*

Humphry's Executors, if you will do the same: You know we always plaid the Great Game upon him; and Money got this Way can do our Relations no manner of Good.

Brief. With all my Heart; I care not what becomes of it after my Death: But that old baptized Cheat the *Rover*, my Stomach swells at him, that he should betray us.

Capt. Zounds! you talk of Repenting and Refunding; but I am Married without a Groat; ruin'd and undone! I had rather been in Hell, Jointure and all, than thus used on Earth.

Dry. Have a Care, or you'll be there too soon.

Rov. You old Motheaten Satyr, this was Mischief of your contriving, to raise a perpetual Discord betwixt long-continu'd Friendship.

Dry. I did contrive it as you contriv'd to bite Sir *Humphry* and others; and you would have bit my Daughter too, after your fair Promises, had not Providence prevented it. I think you and your Setts of Horses, Whores, and Bastards have liv'd long enough upon the Spoil of weak Mens Capacities, without ever having a Shilling of your own; and you have hurted me since the Year of *Sancho*; but now do thy worse, thou Droan and Man-Eater: It cannot be long by Course of Years before the real Devil will give thee a *Somerfet*, without true Repentance.

And from thence thou shalt never return;

There in Fire and Lightning thy Essence shall burn:

Then may the Regions shake, and the black Gods tremble,
If with such a Monster they ever dissemble.

Capt. 'Tis all Confusion in my frenzy Brain;

Madam, The Sight of you, augments my Pain.

[looks full at the Widow.

Wid. Don't complain at your own undoing;

'Twas like to prove my utter Ruin.

Just may the Fates to all Men prove,

Where Schemes were laid to break off Love.

Mar. to Capt. Thy Letter fetch'd me thro' stormy Weather,

To give thee Joy of thy new Marriage Treasure:

But back again I quickly must be gone,

With News that thou art now to Ruin run.

Capt. 'Tis a fatal Plot to every one.

Wid. The Place is curs'd; had I ne'er seen it,

My Joys were greater than any in it.

Head. There's certain Pleasures, I like it well,

To me, all Towns it doth excell.

Rinus. Here's good and bad, wild and civil,

And some a driving to the Devil.

Gut. Here's Verses made without Feet or Measure,
Poets running the Lord knows whither.
Brother, you begin without Delay,
We'll turn Poets as well as they.

Clear. What the Plague's the Matter, Brother Glutton,
We never want good Beef or Mutton;
And Liquor too, we have our Fill,
Our Guts to wash, our Souls to swill.

Gut. Besides, our Waters have done such Things,
That Nations crowd unto our Springs:
In all Disorders, they still ease the Mind,
And are in Procreation very kind.

Clear. Then what a Pox wou'd Men desire,
Here's Wine and Water, Love, and Fire;
And Musick too, we have in Store;
What a Plague wou'd Men desire more?

Dry. Captain, as to you, I freely forgive; as to the *Rover*, let Heaven forgive him: And since 'twas your Fortune to be married to the Maid, instead of the Mistress, if you'll prove a good Husband, I'll be a Friend in more than you expect, and at my Death will leave you a handsome Legacy.

Capt. Sir, I thank you, I'll be as good as I can; but it will be a pretty while before I shall forget your Daughter's Plot, and the Fate that attended this curst Fortune-Hunting. [*they laugh.*]

Dry. Gentlemen, from this Time am I reclaim'd from all my former Course of Life. You see the various Disappointments that happen. The Captain and *Rover* thought themselves secure of all my Riches. As Providence wou'd have it, they were deceiv'd. Had I been really dead, ten to one but it had fallen into some extravagant Hands that wou'd have spent it faster than I ever got it; for which Reason I am resolv'd, and wou'd have every Man live in a hospitable liberal Manner, according to his Circumstances. For my Part, I'll set up a handsome Equipage, with a good OEconomy in House-keeping, and make all my Friends welcome; with a weekly Allowance to the Poor; and attend my Church, in order to die in Peace. He that gets all this World, and loses the next, has been doing nothing. He that has a Competency here, and secures a future Being of Happiness, that answers the whole Design of the Creation.

*As sure as doth the Sun the Moon excell,
So sure is there a God, Devil, Heaven and Hell.
In each extreme Degree, there's Room for all;
Pleas'd or not, Criticks, let the Curtain fall.*

F I N I S.

ALMOST ready for the Stage, a Tragedy call'd, the **TRANSFORMATION**: Or the *Fall of BLADUD*, as he assum'd the Seat of *Jupiter*; the first Scene pastoral, representing a Grove of Oaks, with a Herd of Swine masting; 2d, a Discovery of the Bath Waters, by a breeding Sow's bathing in her extreme Poverty, after which she raises her Young; 3d, The Swineherd's recommending their Virtue; 4th, *Bladud* plum'd on the Mount of Beckon-Hill, in order for Flight; 5th, Dissuaded from any such Attempt; 6th, A magnificent Entertainment for all his Nobles; 7th, his Flight and Fall, &c. To conclude with an Entertainment of *Bacchus* in Triumph over his Fellow Gods, a Tipling Scene; with Singing and Dancing; an innocent Performance that will recommend itself to all Boroughs and Cities. Then shall beg leave to recommend Stage-Humour to the Great Capacities of the Two Famous Universities; they having great Choice of inimitable Authors to guide them, and Time to put their Thoughts in Execution. At my Shop may be had an Essay against Reading, that will instruct every Capacity that have a Taste in that great Art and Mystery of *Prose* and *Poetry*. With other Books of concise Humour, tending to the approaching Time, never yet Publish'd. This Play included, neatly bound, the whole Volume 6 s. 6 d.

Scarce any Money will be refus'd in Reason for a great Collection of Toys, Wholesale or Retail. The Reversion of a Freehold Estate of 200 l. a Year, within 6 Miles of *Bath*, with 20 Acres of Orchard, to be Sold; one Share in the great Brew-House in *Dole-Mead*; 2 Houses at *Freshford*, Freehold; and the Reversion of a House of 10 l. a Year in *Temple-Street, Bristol*.

T. G.

As the Millenium is expected to begin in 50, I am determin'd to retire. The Reason why I did not offer this to the Stage, was, fearing it might be too late for the intended Purpose, which will be the Loss of a Thousand Pound.

An Epitaph on *Andrew Merry*, the Satire of Satires on all Men, who gave 50 Guineas to have his Picture drawn.

Tom Robbins, I don't like thy Nose,
Thy boasted Charity the Gods oppose;
—Thou Soul of Vice, thou Charm to Virtue;
Thou Decey to Pleasure, thou serve the Poor?
As Gypsies roll from House to House,
Thou hast pillag'd all for Self and Whore.

Sure none can be so wicked as to call this a malicious Piece.
Death and Charity are forever sure,
Desperate Disease must have a desperate Cure.

Should not this Change happen exact, 'tis to be hop'd every one will take Care to be prepar'd against the Time it certainly will; which is the sincere Wish of Your Lowest Servant.



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